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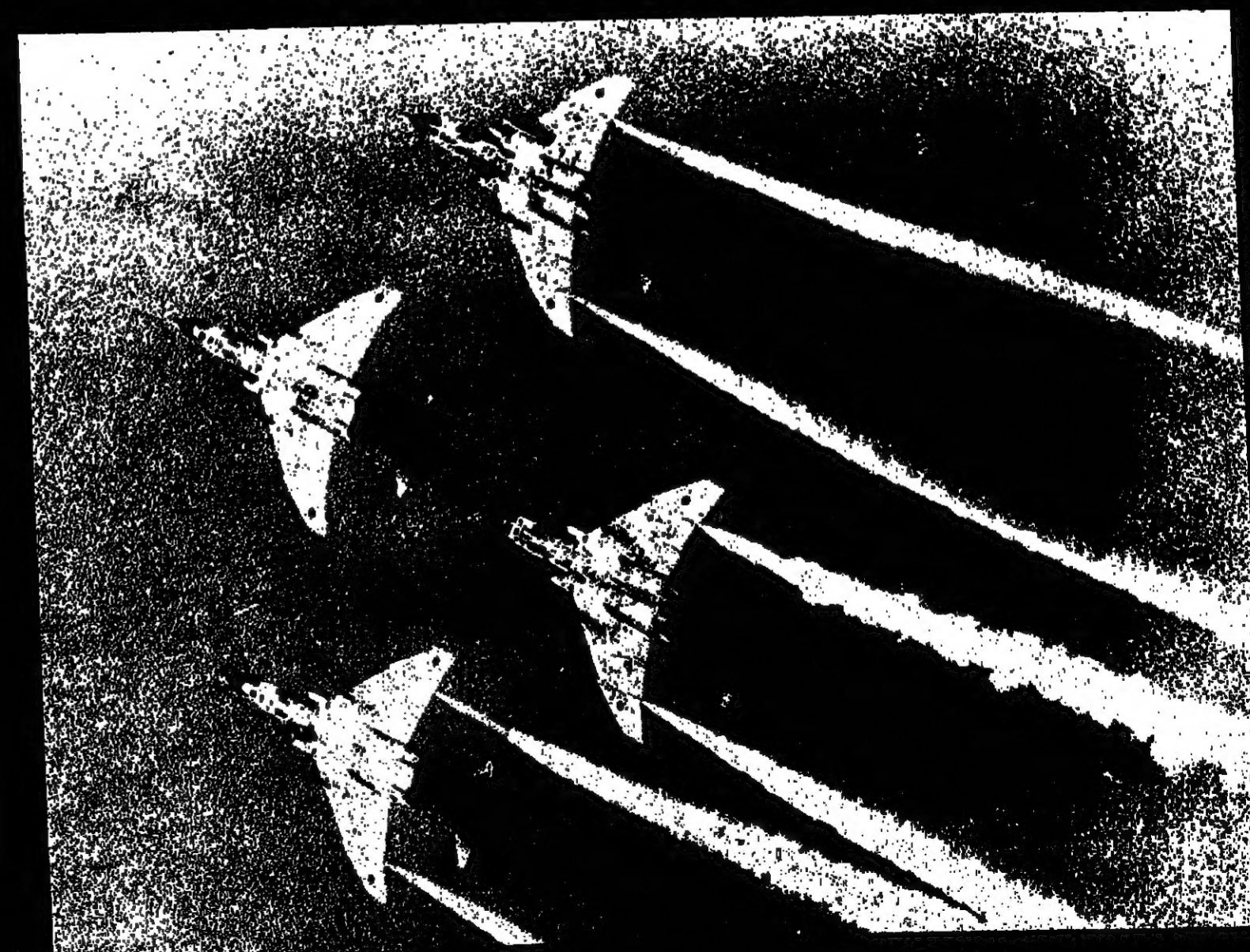
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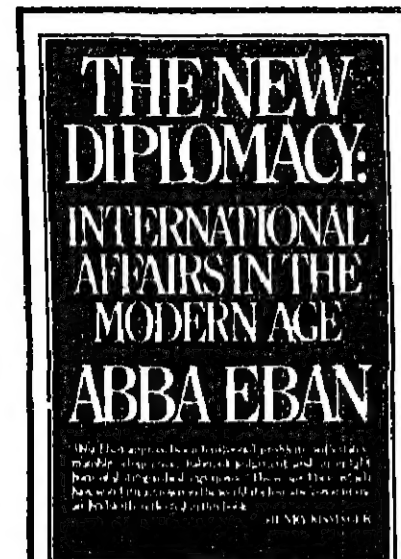
Friday, October 19, 1984

## Flying Phantoms



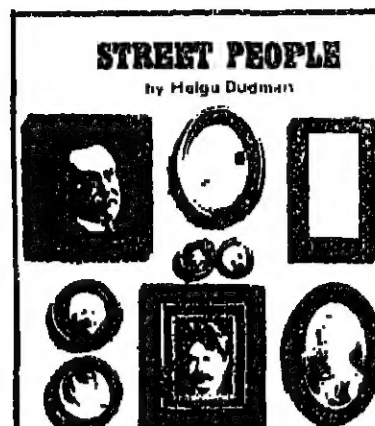


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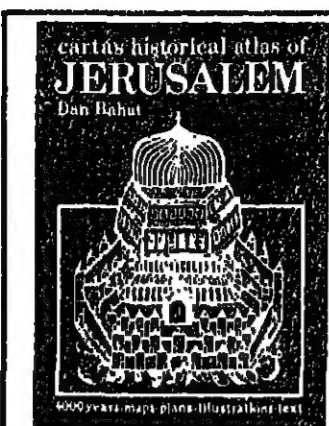


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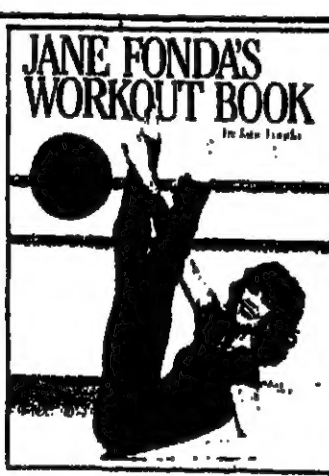
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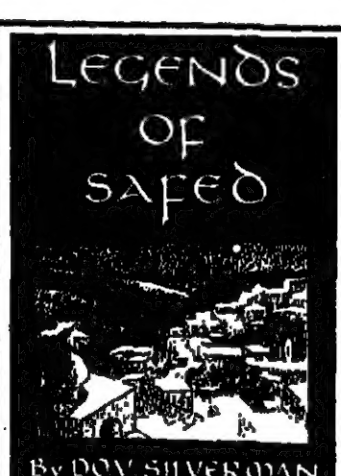
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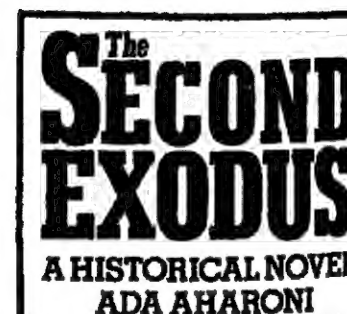
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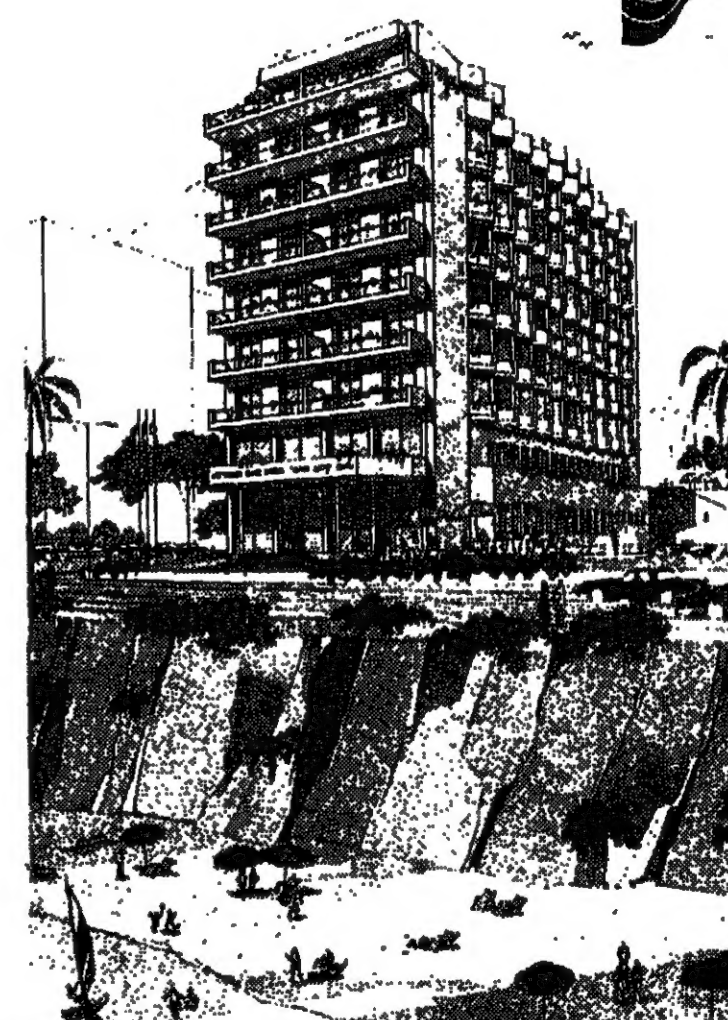
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# RELIABLE VETERAN

On the 15th anniversary of the arrival of the first F-4 Phantoms, Post Defence Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN takes a flight in the warplane that pushed the technology of the Israel Air Force twenty years ahead overnight.



WE WILL CALL him George. His voice rolled on in the same steady flow; there was absolutely no sign of stress.

We were hurtling through the air at about 20,000 feet. Apart from the terrible pressure on my midriff, there was almost no sensation of travelling at over 800 kilometres per hour.

"I can see the target over 10 kilometres away. I see it because I know what to look for. I have studied maps and whatever else I need to make me feel at home here. You feel O.K.?"

I see no target. I can see nothing clearly. On my left was the sea, on the right the shoreline. We are going either up or down. The green numbers flashing on a screen in front of me tell me nothing. The gyro starts to revolve and the white clock-hands spun wildly. "There, between the trees," George says, and in the same tone speaks to the other aircraft with us, issuing instructions that are repeated in an equally calm voice by the other pilot.

My head is pressed back against the headrest. I can't raise my arms. A device attached to a nozzle on the left begins to pump out pressure, squeezing and releasing my body rhythmically in order to protect it against an atmosphere of four times the normal pull of gravity.

We are down to 1,000 feet or so; and then we are back up in the blue again. The whole thing can only have taken a few seconds. Time has become meaningless on the gauges in front of me. And then, before I have time to collect my senses, we are on the way down again. Again the vertigo and the pressure. God, how many more? I ask myself.

And there, in the back seat of a Phantom, I reflect on George's skill; on the tremendous knowledge this man has to have to fly this machine. For every second of the hour we are in the air, his mind must be preoccupied with a million details. He is not

only fighting the elements, pushing nature's limits to new horizons, but he is under constant threat from the enemy. It can come from the air or the ground, and the munitions being used against him have been developed by some of the finest minds in science. He has to control thousands of individually operating pieces of machinery that have integrated dozens of different technologies, and know how to respond in nano-seconds to the hundreds of problems that can arise. He has to have the eyes of a hawk, and the reflexes of a cat. He needs a mastery of physics and mathematics, and nerves of steel. He has to have the spontaneity and ingenuity to respond to the unexpected, but enough discipline to go through the routine checks that must be a bore after years of doing the same thing, and enough self-restraint to remain within the bounds of safety.

THE PHANTOM F-4 has been with the Israel Air Force for 15 years. Its arrival on September 5, 1969, heralded a new era for the air force and for Israel. It was the first major weapons system the Americans had agreed to supply to Israel (the Hawks and other weapons that arrived until then being ostensibly supplied through West Germany, so as not to embarrass the Arabs); and the decision proved to be a crossroads for Israel that had, so far relied almost exclusively on the French.

When the first planes touched down at an air base in the centre of the country, to the applause of almost the entire Israeli cabinet, Israel was caught up in the war of attrition against the Egyptians. As if it had risen from the tomb, the Egyptian army, devastated by Israel in 1967, was alive and well again, and pounding Israeli positions on the banks of the Suez Canal. Hardly a day went by without an Israeli casualty.

France had clamped an embargo

on Israel three days before the outbreak of the June 1967 war, President De Gaulle telling Abba Eban, the foreign affairs minister, that no more French weapons would be dispatched to Israel, including systems that had been paid for. The Mirage V fighters, crucial for countering the flow of weapons into the Arab countries, were included in that list.

The start of the Phantom story is to be found in a visit to Israel by Averell Harriman, who arrived in 1965, as a special emissary of U.S. President Lyndon Johnson. Harriman met with Israel Premier Levi Eshkol, Foreign Minister Golda Meir, Deputy Defence Minister Shimon Peres, and Chief of General Staff Yitzhak Rabin. In the background was the battle over the sources of the Jordan, the establishment of the PLO and a huge arms deal that had just been concluded between the Egyptians and the Russians.

In the same year, Arab pressure had forced the Americans to stop the surreptitious supply of weapons through West Germany, and the Israelis asked that the relationship be placed on a new footing: an overt supply of weapons, and, at the top of the list, fighter aircraft.

In October 1965, Israel was requested by the U.S. to send an expert to Washington to discuss Israel's military needs, and the commander of the air force, Ezer Weizman, was chosen for the job. His problem was how to present Israel's case: on the one hand it was important to make the Americans appreciate that Israel was a military ally worth cultivating; on the other, Israel must be seen in urgent need of weapons.

"You will have to go as *Shinshon der nebedicher*, Samson the weakling," Eshkol told Weizman before he left.

ISRAEL WANTED 65 Skyhawk subsonic "workhorses" and 45 Phantoms.

tom. If the Americans would not come through with the Phantoms, at that time the most sophisticated warplane in the world, Israel would consider purchasing the Intruder, another U.S. Navy plane which, while less versatile than the Phantom, was an attack aircraft with an excellent range and outstanding electronics that allowed it to operate under all weather conditions. But it was the Phantom that Weizman wanted.

In his role as *Shinshon der nebedicher*, Weizman's claim for the planes was based on the thesis that the stronger Israel was, the smaller the chance of its launching a pre-emptive attack if faced with a threat.

The Americans listened, and agreed to supply the Skyhawks (the first arriving in Israel in December 1967, six months too late to take part in the Six Day War) but balked when it came to the Phantoms. Neither the U.S. Navy nor the Air Force was

enchanted with the idea of having its front-line defence system handed over to an ally yet to prove itself. They offered the F-5 instead, but Israel refused it. In addition to the air force and navy opposition, Israel faced two other hurdles: Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara and Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Both men believed that it was still possible to come to an agreement with the Russians on limiting the arms flow in the Middle East, and claimed that supplying Israel with the Phantom would preclude this.

On January 7, 1968, Premier Levi Eshkol travelled to LBJ's ranch in Texas. There, after some cordial chit-chat that included Johnson's pulling up his shirt and exhibiting his recent operation scar, Eshkol launched into a fierce argument for the Phantoms. The Syrians and Egyptians were building up their arsenals, at an unprecedented rate; there was no chance of a limitation of forces agreement with the Russians; and, finally, only a strong Israel could

"prevent another Vietnam."

Israel, Eshkol continued, would be prepared to pay for the entire deal in cash - "We don't want to get involved in crippling interest payments," he explained. That was 16 years ago.

Johnson refused to commit himself, but thanks to heavy support for Eshkol from the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Earl Wheeler, Johnson said he would order production on the planes to begin, and if the deal didn't go through, would divert the aircraft to the U.S. forces. It ultimately, America decided to sell the planes to Israel, it would be able to receive them almost immediately.

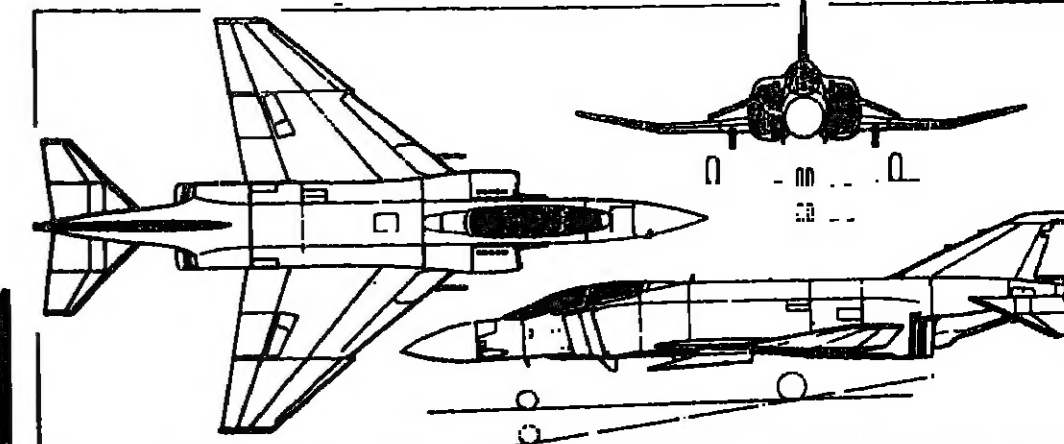
Eshkol agreed that the compromise was a fair one. Johnson gave orders for military men on both sides to start preparing a detailed training programme, so that as little time as possible would be lost if the planes were sold.

NINE MONTHS LATER to the day, on October 7, 1968, formal talks were opened for the purchase of the aircraft.

The Israeli team under O.C. Air Force Motti Hod, expounded their needs: they wanted the Phantom F-4E equipped with a forward cannon, and several planes especially equipped for reconnaissance missions. At a later date they would want the special recon version of the Phantom, the RF. The price of each aircraft was \$2.4 million - an unheard of sum for a single weapons system in those days.

Less than a month before leaving office, Johnson announced formally that America was to sell Israel 50 Phantoms for a total of \$280 m. - the largest single arms deal ever signed by this country.

Those of us who were here at the time can still remember children standing on street corners selling second-hand books and warm lemonade to help finance the Phantoms. Throughout the Jewish world, the



call "Israel Must Live" went out, and Israeli pilots - the heroes of 1967 - were sent out to Jewish communities to help raise money. One of these pilots wrote in his diary at the time:

"We came, we ate, and on the table were pictures from Israel stamped with the slogan: Israel must Live. Next to each chair there was a little yellow card with an open box for the amount to be filled in. One of us would get up - the hero from Israel - and make a speech and then, before the excitement of the moment could pass, they would call in pledges."

"One by one they would go to the main table and hand in their cards, and in that way we collected \$25,000 in one evening, or \$150,000 in a year - and this from a community of 400 people."

"The first time you see this you get a shock. By the third time, though, you get used to it."

IN ISRAEL the air force waited for neither the money nor the formal approval to start making preparations for the planes' arrival. The Phantom was more than just another aircraft; it was a revolution. It brought to Israel technology that pushed Israel "20 years ahead overnight," to quote one of the original pilots who went to the U.S. for his initial training. It also gave Israel a weapon that was infinitely more advanced than anything the Arabs could field - a fact that necessitated a rethinking of Israel's overall strategic and tactical use of force.

On April 9, 1969, the Israelis took their first flight in the plane. Their initial reaction was far from complimentary. The plane was heavy and tended to bounce all over the sky. One pilot wrote at the time: "I would not say that I was disappointed, but just very unimpressed. It is big and shakes a lot...nothing like the elegant and fast Skyhawk..."

But each new flight brought new information. Slowly the plane's potential became clearer, and with it the excitement of the Israeli crews mounted.

Pe'er wrote that from a pilot's point of view, the Phantom was

much more of a challenge than the Mirage. "It takes much more from the pilot to bring the Phantom to its full potential...The Mirage is a beautiful plane built around the pilot; the Phantom is a masculine aircraft that places heavy demands on the pilot."

Again compromise: Yitzhak Pe'er, a pilot, would be trained with the navigators. The decision proved to be a crucial one. He was able to integrate the front and back seats of the plane, and many of his early recommendations brought about Israeli design changes, even before the first Phantoms arrived in the country.

Pe'er was to become the first pilot to be shot down in a Phantom on June 30, 1970, during the height of the battle against the Egyptian Sam missile sites, but was captured and later released.

The air crews spent the early months of 1969 training at Lakland and George air force bases, and their recollections can still be read in albums carefully preserved and updated by today's squadron commanders. There were contacts with Iranian and Jordanian pilots that tended to generate tension, rather than defuse it.

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protracted pregnancy."

"You have no idea how good that feels," Golda responded with a smile.

"And you have no idea how good the air force feels," he replied.

The euphoria was not to last long. A month after their arrival, the squadron was thrown into battle against the Egyptians, carrying most of the burden for destroying the Sam-2 missile sites that were going up in concentric circles around Egyptian installations. In June, Pe'er was shot down; in July, Hietz, and in August, Shochat.

The first attack, on October 22, 1969, against Sam missile sites at Abu Sver, is well documented: two planes carrying 11 bombs each "crossed the Canal north of Kuneitra," according to the log of one of the pilots. "We were doing 540 knots, turned south and pulled to 20,000 (feet). We came in long and let go. We hit well, and we could see lots of smoke coming from the target. We returned home with lots of fuel to find Information Minister Israel Galili waiting for us. God, did we have millions of visitors in those days..."

Almost immediately, a new use was decided for the Phantom - it would be the courier to deliver the message to the Egyptians that Israel was capable of reaching any target with impunity. On November 4, two Phantoms woke up the city of Cairo with a boom. Unmolested, they crept up the Nile, flew in low over the pyramids and hit Cairo at 0.98 Mach - slightly under the speed of sound, but fast and low enough to leave hundreds of windows shattered.

The second squadron had meanwhile been established, and more and more operational missions were handed over to the Phantoms.

"November 11, 1969," reads the squadron diary. "We patrol, bomb, and break windows, and this morning we shot our first MiG-21 - the

Israeli Phantom's first aerial victim - we hit him at 1,500 metres directly on the right wing. It started to spin and crashed into the ground."

The fight occurred over Jebel Ataka and ensured the pilot F-1, a place in Air Force history. Y., the second pilot, missed out scoring a double hit. He was the first pilot to drop a MiG with a Skyhawk. As he tells it: "I instinctively turned right and there I saw two MiGs entering battle formation. This was it. A fight. H. was on my left and I went in for the lead MiG. I fired and fired, but nothing. I let H. in, and saw his missile leave and the plane fall."

MANY MIGS have been downed since, and 15 years later the Phantom refuses to rest. Hundreds of changes have been made to the aircraft since it first arrived in Israel and, ironically, many of those changes are now to be found in the Phantoms in service with the Egyptian air force.

There has not been a major military engagement in the past 15 years in which the Phantoms Israel bought for cash, because we did not want to get involved in debt, have not taken a key part, including the bombing of the Syrian missile sites in June 1982.

The machine George and I were flying in over the Mediterranean could write many a book. So could George, himself.

The hour passed too quickly. We seemed to have spent only minutes up there in that world so far from Israel and its problems. Here was efficiency and calm; power and competence all wrapped up in a tiny bundle thundering through the sky that has become a symbol not only of Israeli air superiority, but also of Israeli-American cooperation.

The Phantom will be in service with the Israeli air force after the year 2000. Hopefully, Israel will be able to continue to supply the men to match the machines.



AT A TIME when the national economy is in deep crisis, inflation is skyrocketing towards the 1,000 per cent a year mark, and long-established industries are threatened with closure, Prime Minister Shimon Peres is shying away from any policy that would break the sanctified principle of indexation and is instead waxing poetic over Israel's bright future in high-tech industries.

It would be tempting to write off Peres's approach as simply another piece of political pie in the sky were it not for the evidence of Haifa, the northern port city which includes in its industrial and educational make-up the symbols of the troubled present and of hope for the future.

To the east and north, one of Israel's veteran textile firms, Ata, which clothed Israelis in the 1940s and '50s in khaki and basic no-nonsense styles, is on the verge of collapse. Ata and its hapless 3,000 employees are apparently to be the



victims of industrial obsolescence, unimaginative management and wheeling and dealing owners more given to stock market manipulation than to the modernization of a problematic industry.

Closer to town are the troubled Vulcan foundry works, which for decades supplied Israel with bathtubs and other cast-iron products. Earlier this year the Histadrut's industrial holding giant, Koor, jettisoned Vulcan with its obsolescent plant and ageing labour force and sold it to a private firm, Clal, which was expected to be less soft-hearted in slashing the work roster as the only hope of saving the firm from bankruptcy.

In between the two, in the heart of the Haifa Bay area which was for long the heartland of Israel's heavy industry, are located the no less troubled Israel Shipyards which have for years been kept afloat by last minute rescue orders from the Defence Ministry.

NOW the hopeful side. On the upper slopes of Mt. Carmel is the Technion, which for 70 years has been providing Israel with engineers whose level and breadth of know-how ranks with the best and most sophisticated in the Western world.

A graduate of the Technion and a former lecturer in its department of electrical engineering, Uzia Galil is the connecting link between Israel's "M.I.T. on the Carmel" and the high-tech industries which have been taking shape, largely under his direction, on the western slopes of the Carmel and in the narrow coastal belt between the mountain and the sea.

"We have for long produced some very impressive research and development work in Israel, but very little of it had any impact on industry," he told *The Post* in an interview

last week at the offices of the Elron holding company he heads.

Elron and the spin-off companies which have become household names in Israel - Elbit, and Elscint, and the second and third-generation firms like Fibronics, Optrotech and Zoran - are expressions of the change that has occurred in this area. Promising young Technion graduates and R&D work which originally began in defence-related areas are being harnessed by these firms for the production of highly sophisticated military and civilian products which compete in the rarefied international market of high-tech electronics.

Galil speaks in a minor key but thinks big, working with big figures; his company and its affiliates produce in big figures. Last year the combined sales of the Elron companies and its affiliates was over \$200m. He believes that the figure will top \$350m., this year and has set himself the target of \$1 billion in sales in the near future.

IT ALL BEGAN very small. Galil arrived in Mandatory Palestine from Rumania in 1941 as a 16-year-old ward of Youth Aliya. His parents came 10 years later. "Uzia, the name of a king of Judah in the 8th century B.C.E., was the closest I could get to my original name, Ozias," he says. He went through the regular pattern of many Youth Aliya youngsters in those war-torn years: membership in a kibbutz *garin*, studies at the Mux Fein technological high school; finally, he enrolled at the Technion, where he graduated as an electrical engineer ("work current, as the infant field of electronics was called then") in 1947.

He served in the Seventh Brigade in the War of Independence ("when they learned I was an electrical engineer they let me lug some heavy radio equipment on my back"), but later switched to the embryonic Israel Navy. In 1952 he was sent to complete his graduate studies at Purdue University and he managed to put in a stint with the Motorola company, working on the early developments of colour TV.

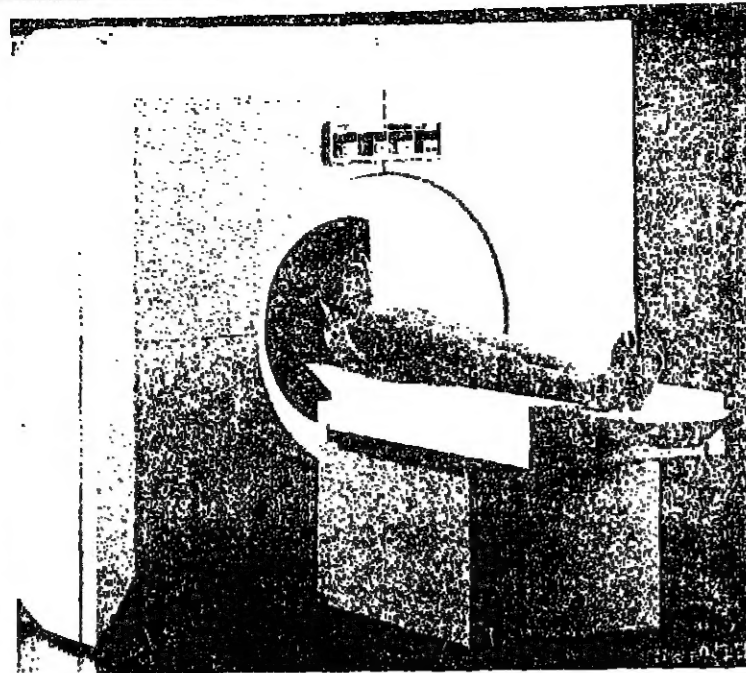
In 1954 he returned to this country and was put in charge of the Navy's electronic development section, until his discharge in 1957. He was then taken on to head the electronics section of the Technion's Faculty of Physics, and at the same time he started work on what he calls his "dream."

"The dream began taking shape when I had the chance to see the early developments in the Route 128 garage industries around Boston, when I was in the U.S.

"By 1962, I had eight people working in a similar small electronics laboratory on the Carmel, and I was ready to try to scrape together some capital to realize my dream of translating our R&D capacity into high-tech industry. At which point good luck came into the story.

"My good luck took the form of people. I got to know Misha Arens [the former minister of defence who at the time was a lecturer in aeronautical engineering at the Technion]. He took an interest in my projects and introduced me to Dan Tolkovsky [who had just completed his stint as commander of the Israel Air Force and went on to become head of the Discount Bank's industrial development subsidiaries].

"At the same time a partner of the Rockefeller brothers - David and Lawrence - turned up at the Technion and explained to us neophytes what venture capital was all about. Four months later we set up Elron Industries in which the Rockefellers and IDB invested \$160,000, a princely sum for us at that time."



## HIGH-TECH STRATEGIST

Israel has long lacked the ability to translate its research and development achievements into industrial production, says Elron's Uzia Galil. The *Post*'s YOSEF GOELL interviews the prophet of the country's science-based revolution.

GALIL SPENT the next five years seeking out "nuclei of know-how" for the new firm, which started exporting by 1966. The following year he persuaded the Defence Ministry weapons development authority "Raphael" that it was feasible to use Israel's computer know-how for defence production needs and as a result the company's first spin-off, Elbit, emerged.

Another affiliate, Elscint, grew out of the enterprise of another Technion lecturer, Dr. Avraham Suhani, who was serving as a physics adviser to Elron. He told Galil, "You convinced me. I'm breaking away and forming my own company."

Elbit is a direct subsidiary of Elron; Elscint is an affiliate. The arrangement in both is that Elron is represented at the board level and is involved in the financing of development while the individual companies are largely independent in their day-to-day operations.

Galil's major function today is "gambling on my ability to read people who are candidates for heading new companies that we're interested in developing. My record isn't 100 per cent, but it's pretty good."

What Galil is looking for are good engineers, with ideas for the production of marketable products, who show signs of having a good sense for business in addition to their engineering know-how and a potential for leadership.

"It's a tall order, but the people are there - both in Israel and among the Israelis who have left for the U.S. and would like to come back into something exciting like the things we and others are doing in high-tech. The problem is finding, attracting and developing them."

Galil says that he interviews about 30 prospective candidates a year.

Most don't pan out in the early stages. But with others about three to four months of market research is invested, to see whether the ideas proposed are indeed marketable.

One winner is the young subsidiary firm Fibronics located in the Elron high-tech park. Between 1978, when it was founded by Motti Gura, a young Technion graduate, and 1981, it produced optical fibres. When sales began to taper off it was decided to go into the application of optical fibre technology in the field of computer communications.

Gura, managing director at 34, is soft-spoken like the other high-tech engineers. He told me that the average age of his company's 240 employees is 29.

Fibronics was recently listed by the American business magazine *Inc.* 100 as No. 45 in the list of firms traded on the New York Stock Exchange for their rate of increase in sales between 1979 and 1983. In 1981, before it changed products, Fibronics sold \$45,000 in the third quarter. Today its sales are over 100 times larger per quarter. In 1983 Fibronics was accorded recognition as an "outstanding exporter," with its sales at \$5m. It is estimated that its 1984 sales will top \$14m.

FIBRONICS is a good example of how Elron operates with new firms. When it was decided to go over to the new product line, engineers with computer communications know-how from Elbit were seconded to the young firm to get it started. Elron still owns 45 per cent of Fibronics stock, with about 20 per cent owned by other private investors and 10 per cent by some of the company's employees. In 1983, 25 per cent of Fibronics shares were floated for trading on the NYSE and \$6.5m. in capital was mobilized. Previous to that, total investments in Fibronics

was only around \$1m.

One of the interesting aspects of Fibronics is its development of R&D facilities in Central Galilee in the Segev development region. "We are doing just the opposite of the other companies," says Gura. "They are locating their production plants in Galilee and their R&D in Haifa; we're basing our R&D on the physicists and engineers who have moved to the settlements and *nitzpin* of Galilee. Production we'll do in Haifa where there's suitable labour force available."

New companies like Fibronics and Optrotech are begun by Elron, with its own financing. When they show signs of making it impressively, Galil and American associates whom he has attracted float an issue of the new firm's shares on the New York Stock Exchange.

For this purpose, and in order to get on top of the problem of marketing in America, which is usually the weakest aspect in the operations of successful Israeli producers, Galil believes in the strategy of developing "two-legged" companies. There are a number of variations of this principle, but the basic idea is to have the local company linked with a subsidiary or affiliate registered in the U.S. Galil believes that this strategy will prove to be an essential element in the takeoff of Elron's companies in the future, determining their ability to attract U.S. investors and penetrate the highly competitive American market.

IN THE FINANCIAL world Galil's early fling with the Rockefeller brothers has now been supplanted by an intimate association with Frederick R. Adler, a leading American in the field of venture capital for high-tech projects. Adler, at 59, is a partner in the New York law firm of Reavis and McGrath and is considered to be one of the biggest venture capital operators in the U.S. He is reportedly connected with over 70 high-tech industries, mostly in the U.S. and his holdings are said to be worth \$250m.

Adler, who was in Israel last week (he gets to Israel about three or four times a year), became part of the local high-tech scene when he helped Elscint float its first share issue in the New York over-the-counter market in 1972. Since then he has been involved with Scitex, Elron, Biotechnology General and Fibronics, in addition to holding substantial equity in Optrotech and Zoran.

"I have made a good deal of money by investing in Israel," Adler says. "You can do just as well [in Israel], in my opinion, as anywhere else. But I've done it by applying the same standards that I would apply in the U.S."

"And that is that there is a product for which there is a real need, not a fad, aimed at a market of sufficient size so that sales can be substantial, with barriers to competition high enough so that you won't get everybody else coming in and trying to emulate the product rapidly."

Galil says that prospective American investors used to ask questions about the risks deriving from Israel's precarious security situation. "But in recent years one no longer hears such questions. What they're asking today is about the crisis in the national economy and its implications for Elron and its affiliates, in which they're being asked to invest."

"The fact that we have succeeded in selling our firms' shares in the U.S. means that, given our handicaps, we're seen by investors as being many times as good as our competitors."

Fred Adler is not too worried about the situation in Israel, which he believes the country will weather.

In an interview in a U.S. paper he was quoted as saying: "The situation in Israel has been stable for many years. I am more worried about possible riots in France than in Israel. And even more so about the presence of the Russian Army on the German border."

Galil believes that the Elron group can attain the goal of \$1 billion in export sales by having the entire group, including its "second legs" in the U.S., achieve a total sales figure of \$2b. He also believes that Israel's high-tech industry as a whole should be able to attain an annual level of \$5b. in exports in another seven to eight years.

THE KEY, he believes, is people. People who are there and who must be attracted to such enterprises in Israel. For this purpose, he says, some basic things will have to be changed here, especially in regard to egalitarian attitudes which make it nearly impossible to pay top people in this country what they could earn abroad.

"In order for an Israeli high-tech firm to maintain equal labour costs with competitors in the U.S., we would have to pay an engineer here an average of \$42,000 a year," he says. "But the Israeli engineer's take-home pay from such a gross salary would be only half of his American counterpart's, due to the high social benefits deducted here and to the rate of taxation. Furthermore, every dollar raised added to the American engineer would cost his employer two dollars, but would cost us here four dollars."

"We have to get used to the idea that not all occupations make a similar contribution to society. And the different contributions should be compensated differently."

The extent of Galil's "Americanization" on this score was attested to by his reaction to my reference to recent news reports that the Technion was having an impossible time getting and keeping top rate young faculty members because it could not match what high-tech industry was offering them.

"Who says all professors should get the same pay?" he added. "Professorial salaries should be based on individual contracts, which should provide for very different levels of pay. In addition, industries with special interests in specific faculties and areas of technological research should be prepared to help finance those areas. This is what our companies are already doing."

In keeping with this philosophy Elron's companies are not organized in the Histadrut, but have agreements with the trade union federation covering only the manual workers.

"Running a non-union shop requires a much higher level of management responsibility. We don't pay more than the others, but we try to create a greater sense of identification on the part of our employees and work hard on morale," Galil said.

The philosophy is arguable, to say the least. Young engineers I spoke to in the Elron companies were certainly enthusiastic about their work.

But they were equally happy about living in some of the nicer areas of Haifa. They all mentioned the advantages of Haifa's good schools and the quality of life in the city. It's doubtful, however, whether this can be maintained if electronic engineers are paid at American levels, while high school teachers and municipal workers get much less.

Perhaps Galil's social theses should be discussed after his economic theses concerning Israel's high-tech potential have been proven correct.



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WHEN ARCHEOLOGISTS pull the hill apart during the next few years, they will be looking for the soul, not the body, of a man some called Messiah.

The rocky hill of Betar, overlooking the railway line to Jerusalem, is indistinguishable from the rocky hills around it. That its name is generally associated with a soccer team or a right-wing political movement rather than with a tale of Homeric proportions is because there was no Homer or Josephus Flavius to describe its terrible last days and the three astonishing years that preceded it.

The story of Betar is the story of Massada writ large, had there been someone to write it. Instead, we have wisps of legend and bald facts, but even these have been sufficient to make Betar a subject of heated polemics down to our own day.

It took three Roman legions to methodically subdue Palestine following the great Jewish revolt that began in 66 CE and led, four years later, to the destruction of the Temple. To put down the revolt that began in 132 CE, the Roman order of battle included, according to some historians, parts of 13 legions, as well as auxiliary troops.

The Roman historian Dio Cassius tells us that the second revolt was supported by the rising of Jews and non-Jews throughout the Roman empire, and "it was as if the whole world raged." In Palestine, according to Dio Cassius, the Romans destroyed 985 villages and 50 fortresses and killed 580,000 persons, while suffering heavy losses themselves.

Although these figures, recorded more than 50 years after the event, may be as unreliable as body counts of current wars, the brutal nature of the fighting is clear. When it was all over and Emperor Hadrian informed the Senate in Rome of the victory, he omitted the traditional formula, "and my army are well."

But the rebels had been crushed, and with the fall of the last stronghold at Betar there would be no further bid for Jewish independence for another 18 centuries.

IT IS AN apocalyptic story that revolves around a single figure whose person is a mystery—a frustratingly non-dimensional shadow, whose presence fills the centre of the historical stage with rage and with silence.

We are not even certain about his name. Bar-Kochba (Son of the Star) is how he is best remembered; but the name, with its Messianic implications, was bestowed on him late in life. Contemporary letters found in the Judean Desert refer to him as Simeon Bar-Koseva or variations thereof, and after the collapse of the revolt he would be referred to derisively by some as Ben-Koziba, from the root *kazav*, false, implying that he was in reality a false Messiah.

THIS REVOLT he led appears to have been connected with the desecration of the Temple site in Jerusalem by Hadrian, who ordered the construction of a temple to Jupiter and a statue of himself on the ruins of the Temple destroyed in the previous century. However, the extent and organization of the revolt indicates that it was not an impulsive reaction but a well-planned operation.

Extensive underground tunnel complexes used by Bar-Kochba's warriors have been explored by archaeologists in recent years near Latrun and Beit Guvrin, at the foot of the Judean hills, and in the flanks of Herodian on the crest. According to Prof. Mordechai Gichon of Tel Aviv University, Bar-Kochba's men prepared these hiding-places before



# BETAR'S FIRST STAR

Unlike Uri Malmillan and Eli Ohana, the first hero of Betar had no one to chronicle his exploits. Now archeologist David Ussishkin is hoping to put some flesh on the legend of Bar-Kochba, by excavating the second century warrior's stronghold. ABRAHAM RABINOVICH reports.

the rebellion and foraged from them to surprise the Roman garrisons with weapons they had secretly accumulated.

The revolt in Judea began after Hadrian had completed a three-year visit to the region and departed for Greece. So successful were the Jews in the early stages that Hadrian summoned one of his ablest commanders, Julius Severus, from Britain and mobilized a massive expeditionary force from the corners of the empire to subdue the uprising.

Bar-Kochba's men recaptured Jerusalem, from which Jews had been banished following the destruction of the Temple in 70 CE. It is not clear, however, what steps they took to restore its sanctity. A Judean document from the period is dated "The third year of the freedom of Jerusalem," indicating that the city was held that long. But with the massive struggle underway against Rome's massed legions, it is doubtful that the Jews had much time to devote to Jerusalem's rebuilding.

The struggle must have been one of the most spectacular this war-rich land has ever seen, but we know virtually nothing about it. Dio Cassius has both sides avoiding open confrontations in the field; but Gichon believes that the Romans threw some 60,000-80,000 men against a flexible Jewish defence including static fortifications which gave way one after another. There are suggestions in the Talmud that Bar-Kochba's army was an elite force, whose members had to submit to tests of strength and courage before recruitment. The little documentary evidence that has survived points to a highly-organized military government under Bar-

Kochba, with contacts beyond the borders of Judea, the focus of the rebellion.

GRADUALLY, the Jewish defences were ground down until only one bastion remained, Betar. Located on an easily-defended spur with a large spring nearby, and overlooking a main road to the coastal plain and Gaza, the village had grown into a sizeable settlement following the destruction in the previous century of Jerusalem, only 11 kilometres to the northeast. According to tradition, there were 400 study halls and synagogues in Betar, and it had become the home of Rabbi Akiva, one of the foremost spiritual leaders in Jewish history.

Apparently, after abandoning Jerusalem, Bar-Kochba and his main force fell back on Betar, around which the Romans threw up a siege wall to prevent escape. Desperate sorties by the defenders failed to break through. According to tradition, Betar fell on Tisha B'Av, the date attributed also to the destruction of the First and Second Temples. Among those slain in the ensuing massacre was Bar-Kochba himself.

WHEN A JEWISH state rose again in 1948, the hill on which Betar had stood was left just outside Israel's boundaries. The Arab village of Batir, which perpetuated the ancient name, occupied an adjacent site. The Jerusalem-Tel Aviv railway followed the ancient road at the foot of the hill, which led to the coastal plain, and Israeli passengers could now muse on the site of Betar as the train chugged slowly past it. Or they could view it from the Israeli side of

the Fefa'im Valley, which even contained remnants of the walls that surrounded one of the Roman siege camps.

The hill had been identified as Betar by 19th-century researchers who were drawn by the name of the adjacent Arab village and the remains of the Roman siege wall and camps. The identification was fortified by the name the Arabs gave the site - Khirbet al-Yahud (the Jewish Ruins). American and French archaeologists did surveys of the site early in this century and archeologist Shmuel Yeivin surveyed it in the 1930s, but there were no full-scale excavations.

Even after the 1967 war brought it under Jewish control again, there was nothing more than an exploratory probe in 1970 by Yeivin's son, Ze'ev, although the late Prof. Yigael Yadin expressed an interest in digging the site.

It was not until this year that a major exploration was launched under the direction of Prof. David Ussishkin, head of Tel Aviv University's Institute of Archeology. This summer's dig, sponsored by the archaeological staff officer of the military government of Judea and Samaria, was a preliminary probe which uncovered, among other things, a defence bastion with 19 sling stones piled neatly for use. "I intend to go about this systematically for several years," says Ussishkin, who has been conducting a major dig at Lachish since 1973.

At the latter site, he excavated remains of the famous siege of the Israelite city by the Assyrians under Sennacherib in 701 BCE, immortalized in the Lachish Reliefs found at Nineveh.

THE EXPERIENCE that whetted Ussishkin's interest in Bar-Kochba was the discovery in 1960-61 in a cave in the Judean Desert of the so-called Bar-Kochba letters. Ussishkin was a principal assistant to Yadin, head of the expedition, when these sensational documents were uncovered.

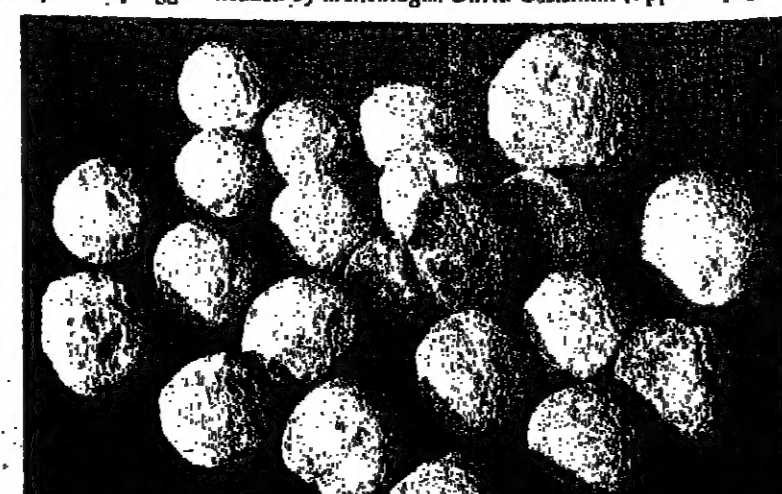
Written in Bar-Kochba's name but not by his hand, the letters are addressed to local commanders in the Ein Gedi area. They deal with details such as the supply of wheat and the mobilization of forces. The language is often harsh and threatening, warning the recipients of dire punishments if instructions are not carried out. "I call heaven to witness against me... that I shall put your feet in irons."

To the commanders of remote Ein Gedi on the shores of the Dead Sea, laggard in supplying food to embattled Judea, the message is biting. "You are living well, eating and drinking off the property of the house of Israel, and care nothing about your brethren."

Unlike the Jewish rebels of the previous century who organized contending camps which battled with each other as much as with the Romans, Bar-Kochba's rebels were unified under his firm command, which undoubtedly accounts in no small measure for their impressive successes.

Although the Judean Desert letters written by subordinates in his name reflect the tone of a nail-hard general if not a bully, there must have been more to Bar-Kochba to warrant the adulation of his warriors and of cultured men. It was Rabbi Akiva, the greatest sage of his time, who applied to him the biblical

(Below) Remnants of Betar bastion. (Right) Ancient grenades. Pile of sling stones found by diggers headed by archeologist David Ussishkin (opposite page).



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## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

BAROQUE CONCERT - Recorders, Baroque flute, harpsichord. Works by Handel, Bach, Bononcini and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ORGAN CONCERT - Albert Bolliger (Zurich) Works by Pachelbel, Bach, Buxtehude and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Gary Bertini. With local choir. Verdi: "Rigoletto", an opera in 3 acts. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

TROUBADOR QUINTET - Madrigals, Israeli songs, folk songs, Negro spirituals. (Tzavta, Tuesday)

PIANO RECITAL - Allan Sierfield. Works by Hindemith, Schubert, Debussy, Barber. (Rubin Academy of Music, 4 Balfour, Wednesday)

VIOLIN RECITAL - Isaac Stern. With Andrew Wolff, piano. Works by Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Faure. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday). Benefit for Ilan-Alon.

ETNAITA SERIES - Victor Deredonko, piano; Yair Klew, violin. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

PIANO RECITAL - Arich Vardi. Works by Haydn, Debussy, Schubert and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

CELLO RECITAL - Ina Jost (France). Works by Weber, Egon Wellesz, Kodaly, Bach. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Yoram Talmi. With the Dutch National Chamber Choir and local soprano and alto soloists. Chalk: "Officinalis Eurdice." (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 9 p.m., Monday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Zubin Mehta. Soloist Isaac Stern, violin. Works by Mozart, Schubert. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Zubin Mehta. Soloist Isaac Stern, violin. Works by Mozart, Schubert. (Mann Auditorium, Monday)

#### FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH

##### Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM - Puppet theatre for all ages. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMLIN - Musical show. (Khan, today at 2.30 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

BATISHEVA DANCE COMPANY - Works by Paul Taylor and others. (Oriel-Shem Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

INBAL DANCE THEATRE - Steps and Sounds (Neve Zedek, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

INBAL DANCE THEATRE - Steps and Sounds (Neve Zedek, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SOUND OF CHOIRS - The Scholans (England) Music from the Renaissance. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday, Wednesday)

THE DUTCH NATIONAL CHAMBER CHORUS - Directed by the Israel Chamber Orchestra. Conductor John Aldis. A cappella works by Monteverdi, Brahms and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday)

##### Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Urs Schneider. With local choir, and local and Swiss soloists. Works by Mozart, Beethoven. (Kiryat Haam, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See T.A., Sunday. (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - See T.A., Monday. Works by Bartok, Mahler. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday through Thursday)

##### Others

PIANO AND HORN RECITAL - Sarah Faxon-Helms and John Schrakengut. Works by Dancz, Hindemith, Schumann. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvot, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SYMPHONETTA, Beersheba - Conductor Laszlo Helyay (England); soloist Oscar Ghiglia, guitar (Italy). Works by Giuliani, Poulenc, Haydn, Faure. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, tomorrow; Ashkelon, Yotf Lebanon, Wednesday)

HARPSICHORD RECITAL - Rona Soreher. Works by Purcell, Frescobaldi, Handel, Eliza. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvot, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA - Conductor Samuel Lewis. Soloist Milka Laks, piano. Works by Ben-Haim, Rostini, Gershwin, Schubert, Enescu. (Wingate, Hershkowitz Auditorium, Tuesday)

PIANO AND VIOLIN RECITAL - Emmanuel Krasovskiy and Vera Weidmann-Krasovskiy. Works by Stravinsky, Beethoven, Elgar. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvot, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE SOUND OF CHOIRS - See T.A. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, Thursday)



The Inbal Dance Theatre presents 'Steps and Sounds' at the Neve Zedek Theatre, Tel Aviv, tomorrow and Thursday.

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lorraine Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALECHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabrus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hasidic rock with Schlitz. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

THE TAVERNERS - American and Irish folk music, country music, jazz. (Pargod, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lorraine Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tonight at midnight)

GUITAR HAPPENING - with Bodo Olier. Spanish and gypsy music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - Solo show with singer Sandra Johnson. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Piamonta, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Phil, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael

Greenblatt, in Desraeli, Zepora Bar-Yehuda (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

THE MOUTH RUNS AWAY - Satire and entertainment with Duda Topor. (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

NURIT GILRON - Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m., midnight)

ROCK'N ROLL - With Benny the Red. (Beit Leissin, Upper Zedek, tomorrow, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL - with Nahum Heiman and guests. (ZOA House, 1 Frish, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

HAIFA HASIDIC JAZZ CONCERT - (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE MOUTH RUNS AWAY - (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

CALIGULA - By Albert Camus. Khan Theatre production about the wicked Roman Caesar. (Khan, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

FREDERIK THEATRE OF BELGIUM - A theatrical combination of mime, music, dance and drama (without words). (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MIDNIGHT SUN - Train Theatre production. An Aztec legend of the vanished sun, with actors and puppets. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

SHE WASN'T HERE - A woman's past memories become her present reality. (Pargod, 91 Bezalel, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

"SHEM" - The passion and struggles of a smelly workers. (Pargod, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TWO INCHES OF IVORY - Geraldine McEwan in a presentation from the novels of Jane Austen (in English). (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leissin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS - By David Mamet. Habimah production. About the business world in America. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 7 and 9.30 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL - by Albert Camus. Hasniah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO - By David Mamet. Beit Leissin production. A portrayal of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

BED-KITCHEN, BED-KITCHEN - Comedy with Dina Duron playing three entirely different women. (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

BEHIND THE FENCE - By Chaim Nachum Haidi. A musical love story, produced by Habimah. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Wednesday at 6.30 and 9.30 p.m., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CALIGULA - See Jerusalem. (Neve Zedek, Monday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING - Hasniah production. A comedy about a lonely man in Paris. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE DOIL'S HOUSE - By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Sunday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

EDMOND KEAN - Beit Leissin production. With Yossi Hani portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL - by Albert Camus. Hasniah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS - By David Mamet. Habimah production. About the business world in America. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 7 and 9.30 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL - by Albert Camus. Hasniah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Hasniah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sarah Hasniah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasniah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. Tzavta production. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. Portrayed by Erik Weingarten. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JOSEPH AND HIS TECHNICOLOR DREAMCATCH - Camer production of the musical. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE KREUTZER SONATA - By Tchaikovsky. Beit Leissin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leissin, Upper Zedek, Monday at 9 p.m.)

LIES - Camer production. About the friendship between two families. (Camer, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS - By the ZOA House Drama Circle (in English). (ZOA House, 1 Frish, Monday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE - Comedy by Shakespeare produced by the Camer Theatre. (Camer, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MIDNIGHT SUN - See Jerusalem. (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

(Continued on page 9)



## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA 1 ONI/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067  
Fri. Oct. 19  
Double feature 1 ticket  
The Godfather Part II, 2.30  
Escape From The Bronx 5  
Sat., Oct. 20  
Return Of Martin Guerre 7.15  
Fast CF Eden 9.30  
Sun., Oct. 21  
Double feature 1 ticket:  
Fantomas Part II, 3  
Escape From The Bronx 5  
East Of Eden 7  
Return Of Martin Guerre 9.15  
Mon., Oct. 22  
Don Giovanni 4.30  
Narayana 7  
Return Of Martin Guerre 9  
Tue., Oct. 23  
Don Giovanni 4.30  
Narayana 7  
Clockwork Orange 9  
Wed., Oct. 24  
Return Of Martin Guerre 5  
Narayana 7  
Clockwork Orange 9  
Thurs., Oct. 25  
Don Giovanni 4  
Marble Man 6.45, 9.15

EDEN  
CONAN THE DESTROYER  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON  
3rd week  
JAWS III  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

FIABIRA  
2nd week  
FORCED WITNESS  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

4  
FUNNY PEOPLE

ISRAEL MUSEUM  
WATERSHIP DOWN  
(animated)  
Fri. 11 a.m.  
TARKA THE OTTER  
Sat. 3.30, Mon. 11.30  
Wed. 11:15, Thurs. 3.30  
NAGUA (Drifting)  
Thurs. 6.30, 8.30

KFIR  
THE HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL  
3rd week  
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON  
Sat. and Weekdays 7, 9

ORGHIL  
PARIS-TEXAS  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9  
(no discount tickets)

ORION  
SPACE HUNTER  
(for adults only)  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA  
Tel. 224733  
4th week  
GREYSTOKE  
TARZAN  
Sat. 6.45, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9, 11

RON  
4th week  
BEYOND THE WALLS  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR  
7th week  
LA TRAVIATA  
Sat. 7.15, 9.15  
Weekdays 7, 9

SMALL AUDITORIUM  
BINYENI HA'UMA  
5th week  
ZIGZAG STORY  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY  
2nd week  
HOT DOG  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA  
8th week  
STREETS OF FIRE  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETIT HATEPUTSOTI  
TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY  
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE  
THE HEIRESES  
Sun. 8.30

103  
CHEN CINEMA CENTRE  
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1  
2nd week  
SPLASH  
Fri. 11, 2, 9.30 p.m., 12.30 p.m.  
Sat. 11, 5, 7.30, 9.45  
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 2  
18th week  
POLICE ACADEMY  
Tonight 10, 12.15  
Sat. 7.25, 9.40  
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

MARY POPPINS  
Mat. Sat. 11.5

CHEN 3  
4th week  
ROMANCING THE STONE  
Fri. 11, 2, 9.30, 12.15  
Sat. 11.5, 7.20, 9.45  
Weekdays 4.45, 7.15, 9.45

CHEN 4  
13th week  
THE BIG CHILL  
Tonight 10, 12.15  
Sat. 7.25, 9.40  
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

CINDERELLA  
Sat. 11 a.m., 5 p.m.

CHEN 5  
7th week  
CHAMPIONS  
Tonight 10, 12.15  
Sat. 7.20, 9.40  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.10, 9.40

ARISTOCATS  
Sat. 11.2

CINEMA ONE  
2nd week  
CANNONBALL  
Fri. 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO  
3rd week  
CHINATOWN  
Fri. 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS  
86 Allenby Rd.  
HANNA K.  
Tonight 10  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL  
9th week  
THE NATURAL  
\* ROBERT REDFORD  
Sat. and weekdays 7.10, 9.30

DRIVE-IN  
Sat. and weekdays 7.15

LASSIE  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 9.30

EDUCATING RITA  
Fri. 12.15 p.m.  
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight  
Sat. Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610  
L'ADDITION  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT  
4th week  
GREYSTOKE  
Sat. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

GORDON  
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373  
7th week  
THE HERD  
A new film by the director of *Pat*  
Sat. 7, 10, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.40, 7.10, 9.30

IOD  
2nd week  
TOP SECRET  
Fri. 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEVY  
4th week  
BEYOND THE WALLS  
Tonight 9.30, 11.30  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEVY  
17th week  
LA TRAVIATA  
\* TERESA STRATAN  
\* PLACIDO DOMINGO  
\* CORNELIA MACNEIL  
Tonight 9.30, 11.30  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.30, 9.40

LINOR  
ANNA  
Tonight 10, 12  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM  
3rd week  
L'AVARE de Molière  
(The Miser by Molière)  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRAH  
2nd week  
TWO OF A KIND  
\* OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN  
\* JOHN TRAVOLTA  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ONLY  
6th week  
FUNNY PEOPLE II  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
Fri. 11 a.m.

PARIS  
4th week  
BULL SHOT  
Tonight 10, 12  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7.30, 9.30

Sat. 11 a.m.  
KING and Mr. BIRD  
Sat. 5 p.m.  
CASABLANCA

PEER  
3rd week  
ANOTHER TIME  
ANOTHER PLACE  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF  
2nd week  
FORCED WITNESS  
Fri. 10 p.m., midnight  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Today and tomorrow 11 a.m.  
TARZAN and HIS MATE

STUDIO  
10th week  
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TAMUZ  
Cinema Ramat Aviv  
Tel. 412761  
30th week  
ZIGZAG STORY  
7.15, 9.30

TCHULET  
4th week  
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV  
CONAN THE DESTROYER  
Tonight 10 p.m.  
Fri., Wed. 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LASSIE COME HOME  
Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m.

TEL AVIV MUSEUM  
31st week  
French film  
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY  
Sun. Thurs. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON  
2nd week  
PARIS-TEXAS  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE  
2nd week  
DEADLY IMPACT  
Sat. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ARMON  
2nd week  
SPLASH  
\* TOM HANKS  
\* DARYL HANNA  
Sat. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON  
Louis de Funès  
in his last funny film  
L'AVARE  
2nd week  
Sat. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN  
2nd week  
Francis Zeffirelli's  
LA TRAVIATA  
by Verdi  
\* TERESA STRATAN  
\* PLACIDO DOMINGO  
Sat. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH  
3rd week  
SUPER GIRL  
5

3rd week  
ZIGZAG STORY  
7, 9

ORAH  
LES COMPERES  
\* GERARD DEPARDIEU  
\* PIERRE RICHARD  
Sat. 7, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ONLY  
3rd week  
CROSS CREEK  
Sat. and weekdays  
6.30, 9

THE UGLY DACHSHUND

PEER  
4th week  
BEYOND THE WALLS  
An Uri Barabash and Rudi Cohen  
film with Amnon Tzadok and  
Muhammad Bukri  
Sat. 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON  
2nd week  
FORCED WITNESS  
\* ANAT ATZMON  
Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

Mat.  
SWAN LAKE  
11 a.m.

SHAVIT  
2nd week  
PARIS-TEXAS  
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON  
4th week  
BEYOND THE WALLS  
Tonight 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

Mat. 4.30  
BILBI

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LILY  
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON  
Tonight to Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS  
2nd week  
SPLASH  
Tonight 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORDEA  
2nd week  
FORCED WITNESS  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN  
THE NATURAL  
\* ROBERT REDFORD  
Sat. and weekdays 7.10, 9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID  
BLAME IT ON RIO  
7.15, 9.30  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HECHAL  
2nd week  
JAWS III  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET  
THE NATURAL  
\* ROBERT REDFORD  
Sat. and weekdays  
7.10, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL  
EDUCATING RITA  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SAVOY  
2nd week  
FORCED WITNESS  
Tonight 10 p.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Mat. TARZAN and HIS MATE  
Fri. 11 a.m.

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT  
TOP SECRET  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## NEW MITZPEH

The members of GARIN HAR CHALUTZ have begun to arrive in Israel and will be holding an open informational meeting for prospective members on:

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, at 8 p.m. at  
16 SHMUEL HANAGID, JERUSALEM 02-246195

MITZPEH HAR CHALUTZ will be a free-enterprise community affiliated with the Reform Movement, and as such, is dedicated to building a strong, liberal Jewish settlement in the Galil. Our members' backgrounds encompass all age groups, professions and social backgrounds.

We plan on entering temporary housing units on the site in the spring of 1985, and each family will then build its own home.

We look forward to meeting you.

AD185-16721

## THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM

### MAISON de FRANCE announces FRENCH LESSONS

at different levels.  
The courses are of three months duration (twice weekly in the afternoons and evenings).

Information and registration at the Maison de France secretariat, Givat Ram, daily between 8 a.m. and 12 noon, Mondays and Wednesdays also between 4 and 6 p.m.  
Tel. 663802 — 584828

60221-15-74

## Popular University

- ★ Creative writing workshop in English.
- ★ Course in contemporary English novel.
- ★ English literature classes.

Information and registration, Universita Amamit, daily 9 a.m.-12 noon, 5-7 p.m., Tel. 03-247896.

Classes open November 4, 1984.

## Popular University

Tel Aviv, 4 Antokolski Street  
(entrance from 108 Ibn Gabirol)

60209-18

## INBAL DANCE THEATRE

In cooperation with the Ministry of Education and Culture

## Steps and Sounds

(Chapters from Israel's Ethnic Groups)

Tomorrow, Saturday, October 20, 1984  
Thursday, October 25, 1984  
Sunday, October 28, 1984  
All performances will be at the Neve Tzedek Theatre Centre, 6 Yehiel St., Tel Aviv, at 8.30 p.m.  
Tickets: Inbal Offices, Tel. 03-652758, 03-653711, and at all ticket agencies in town.  
Discounts for organized groups and workers' committees.

60208-15-74



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1984

## THEATRE

(Continued from page A)

NOT NOW DARLING - A comedy produced by the Yvael Theatre. (New Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

PASADOBIA - Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzavla production. (Tetah Tikva, Mofet, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SHE WASN'T HERE - See Jerusalem. (Tavta, tomorrow, Wednesday at 6 p.m.)

"SHEM" - See Jerusalem. (Old Jaffa, Hasmith, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

TOP GIRLS - Cameri production. A satire. (Tavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TWO INCHES OF IVORY - See Jerusalem. (Cameri, Sunday, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Halfa  
THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE - By Jean Giraudoux. Halfa Municipal Theatre production. Why do wars break out? (Halfa Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TWO INCHES OF IVORY - See Jerusalem. (Kfar Sava, Sapir, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others  
BRACHIA - Boersheba Municipal Theatre production. About a young Israeli woman who goes to New York, where she does lots of

soul-searching. (Boersheba, Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN - Boersheba Municipal Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1925. (Boersheba Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TWO INCHES OF IVORY - See Jerusalem. (Kfar Sava, Sapir, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)  
Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

## WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem  
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: (Kraclav Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3.30 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours  
Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m. - City of David, Area "C", Herod's Temple, Pool of Siloam.

Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Other towns  
Haifa  
"Sabbath Morning Walk" - Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. till 1.00 p.m. from Panorama Rd. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass. includes museums, Bahá' Shrine and gardens and others.

Safad  
Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery, Tel. 067-36444

## FILMS IN BRIEF

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the co-existence of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barabash deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics' Prize in Venice.

BLAME IT ON RIO - And blame it on the heat and heat of the samba, which causes all sorts of adulterous affairs. A light-hearted film, starring Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna and Michelle Johnson.

CHINATOWN - An unorthodox, complicated and rather intriguing thriller set in Los Angeles of the late Thirties with Jack Nicholson as a private eye and Faye Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom he gets involved. Directed by Roman Polanski.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE - Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

EAST OF EDEN - Re-issue of Elia Kazan's 1955 adaptation of Steinbeck's novel centering on the lives of natural, unpretentious people and their interdependence, with the search for love as a subsidiary theme. With James Dean, Julie Harris and Raymond Massey.

EDUCATING RITA - About a young woman student of literature, and her elderly professor who falls in love with her. Sharp dialogue adds to this successful adaptation of this London play



## This Week in Israel-Th

Jerusalem Restaurants

### The Taste of Japan, Made in Israel.

The Teppanyaki Restaurant in the King Solomon-Sheraton Hotel... Japanese atmosphere... Japanese delicacies prepared by our own Japanese chef.

For reservations call: 02-241433  
Glatt Kosher

## TEPPANYAKI

King Solomon-Sheraton Hotel  
32 King David Street, Jerusalem  
The hospitality people of JPT

### National Restaurant

(established in 1931)

Roof Garden  
Gourmet Arabian Cuisine \*Enjoy typical Arabian specialties and "masses" while watching scenic Old Jerusalem.  
Please call (02) 282246 for reservations  
Open seven days a week  
The National Palace Hotel, Al-Zahra St., East Jerusalem

### Union

fresh fish daily

- Fish restaurant
- Light meals
- Beautiful garden
- Reasonable prices
- Airconditioning

12 Aza St. (near Kings Hotel)  
Tel. (02) 632813

### Mamma Mia

Ristorante Italiano  
Kosher

All Italian specialties with homemade pasta, pizza. Daily noon-midnight. Fri. till 4 pm. Indoor & garden seating. "Padroni Italiani"  
18 Rabbi Akiva St., Tel. (02) 248080

### molza inn

Delightful rustic atmosphere.  
Open 7 days a week, 11 am-11 pm. Take-away & catering service.  
Tel. 02-532100, 531713

### sefer va sefer

Kosher

A perfect combination of a used book store and a cafe. A must visit while in Jerusalem.  
A. Vaiszt St. 37  
Cor. King George/Jaffa  
Open daily from 10 am till 11 pm

### Memor

"Lowest rates at the family hotel"

- \*Outstanding location
- \*Restaurant
- \*Coffee shop
- \*Glatt Kosher

24 King David St. (02) 223311

### LET'S MEET

Backstage

Jerusalem's elegant, new daily cafe-restaurant in the Jerusalem Theatre  
20 Meir St. (02) 683131  
Open 11 am to 10 pm  
Kosher

### CHIN CHEN

CHINESE RESTAURANT  
Lovely Chinese atmosphere  
Open for lunch & dinner  
Golomb St. (Paz Station)  
Ramat Danya, Jerusalem  
Tel. (02) 421600

### Europa

EUROPEAN RESTAURANT  
MANAGED BY ELIABRI WILF  
JEWISH DISHES  
IN A HOMELY ATMOSPHERE  
Kosher  
42 JAFFA RD., ZION SQ. 02-228853

For a choice of fine restaurants check your copy of "THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL" the no. 1 tourist magazine.

OPERA, the stepchild of Israeli culture, will be served to our audiences three times this season.

The Israel Chamber Orchestra under its new chief conductor, Yoav Talmi, will present Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, his best-known opera among over 40 works for the dramatic stage. This opera, which was written in 1762, proved to be a turning point in operatic history. It demonstrated the reform Gluck strove for against petrified formalism, and against the liberties taken by the singers who wanted to show off their virtuosity, he also wanted a larger and more expressive part for the music over the dominance of the texts.

Gluck (1714-1787) followed some famous predecessors in setting to music the myth of Orpheus and his beloved Eurydice: Jacopo Peri (1561-1633) wrote *Euridice*, one of the earliest-known operas in our history, in 1600; he was followed closely by Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), whose *L'Orfeo*, called then *favola in musica*, was first performed in Mantua in 1607 and has survived to our time.

The story is too well known to have to be told here again. As with most of the earlier operas, not much dramatic movement takes place, therefore a concert performance - like this presentation - enables the public to enjoy the musical offerings without distraction. The ICO promises to screen a simultaneous translation (in Hebrew) on the back of the stage to help us understand better the words being sung.

Mira Zakai will sing the title role (originally written for castrato, as was customary in Gluck's time). The role is nowadays always sung either by a mezzo-soprano or an alto. Eurydice will have Michal Shannir as interpreter, and the minor role of Amor will be sung by Lilly Tunch.

The dates are: Jerusalem, October 18; Tel Aviv, October 21, 22 and 25; Haifa, October 21.  
The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra under Gary Bertini has chosen for its opening programme of this season Giuseppe Verdi's opera *Rigoletto*, another work that hardly needs introduction. Premiered at La Fenice in Venice in 1851, this work belongs in the standard repertoire of opera houses in Europe and the United States. Verdi also wrote an opera called *Jerusalem* (performed in Paris in 1847).

Even the Palestine Opera, of blessed memory, produced *Rigoletto* in its 1927/28 season. The JSO promises to present a facsimile of the programme to every person attending the concerts.

Billed as Lord Barnett Jenner Commemorative Concerts, they will take place at the Jerusalem Theatre on October 22 and 23 (the Golden Series), and on October 25 and 27 (the Silver Series). The concerts will start at 8 p.m. sharp.

Lord Jenner was one of the foremost figures in British Jewry. A former member of parliament, he sat for 25 years in the House of Lords, fighting for human rights in general and Jewish rights in particular. Lady Jenner, who will be present at the memorial concerts, will autograph the book she has written about her husband and his role in the formation of the State of Israel; the book will be on sale in the lobby of the theatre.

President Chaim Herzog, Minister of Education and Culture Yitzhak Navon, and all Israeli ambassadors who have served in London since 1948 have promised to attend.  
The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Zubin Mehta will end its season with Giacomo Puccini's undying *Madama Butterfly*. It will be

## Triple treat



### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

fully staged for eight performances in the middle of July, all with foreign artists.

The *Rigoletto* presentation of the JSO will have guests from abroad, Israeli soloists and several Israeli choir's male sections. *Madama Butterfly* will be presented only in Tel Aviv, with perhaps special arrangements being made for Jerusalemites and Haifaites who want to see it.

THE Israel Philharmonic has another ace up its sleeve for Tel Aviv. Following the success of its soloists' series last year, no less than five outstanding soloists will present special programmes in the framework of the IPO's recital series. Yehudi Menuhin, Isaac Stern, Alexis Weissenberg, James Galway and Maurizio Pollini represent the *crème de la crème* of popular virtuosi.

Menuhin opens with a recital dedicated to J.S. Bach on his thirteenth anniversary (October 21), to be followed by Isaac Stern, with his pianist Andrew Wolf, in sonatas by Beethoven, Mozart and Faure (October 28). Stern and Wolf have agreed to give this programme in a special recital on October 24 at the Jerusalem Theatre, with all takings going to Ilan-Alon.

Weissenberg will play works by Haydn, Liszt and Rachmaninoff in December. James Galway follows in March with music by Prokofiev, Dvorak, Martinu and Poulenc; and, finally, Pollini will close this series in April 1985.

Isaac Stern was the soloist in the IPO's first subscription concert (Tel Aviv, 1-5 - Mozart: Concerto in A, No. 5), and Yehudi Menuhin will be the soloist for the rest (Tel Aviv,

6-8, Jerusalem and Haifa (1-3 - Barok: No. 2).

DURING the last few years, we have been fortunate to hear a number of visiting choirs from Europe and the U.S. This season, it seems that the trend will continue.

The famous Scholars from England will appear as guests of the Camerata Singers and their conductor, Avner Itai, in five recitals during the coming week in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Kfar Saba, and Beersheva.

The Netherlands Chamber Choir, directed by John Aldis, will participate in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* with the Israel Chamber Orchestra, and it will present two a capella programmes (in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem).

Seventy-five members of the BBC choir will arrive next week from England to give two recitals - at Binayoni Hauma in Jerusalem on October 23, and at Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium on October 25. Their programme will include music by Bach, Monteverdi, Purcell, Handel, Schubert and Mendelssohn, as well as folksongs, and will be conducted by John J. Thomas.

THE Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir has returned from a tour of eight German cities, including Frankfurt, Cologne and Bonn, having sung programmes of a *capella* music from 400 years of musical history, all composed on biblical texts. Israeli compositions were represented by works by Ben-Haim, Braun, Harlap and Braun; the conductor was Michael Shani; the reviews were laudatory.

The choir is now engaged in preparations for Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which will be performed with the Haifa Symphony Orchestra under Urs Schneider next week. D

## Revivo's return

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

SOME YEARS AGO, a Swiss-based Israeli director, Rafael Revivo, offered us a picture entitled *La Bulle* which clearly portrayed Swiss society as the victim of police brutality, with privacy invaded by the powers-to-be. Man was shown as the proverbial cog grinding around in the big machine.

Now Revivo, back in Israel, is showing us the other side of the coin. *Forced Witness* presents society as the victim of criminals and hoodlums, against whom everybody, including the police, is totally helpless. Man - or more accurately in this case, woman - has the choice of taking the law into her own hands or being pitilessly destroyed by rampaging violence.

The story was inspired by real facts, incidents which are reported almost daily in the press.

A dance teacher on her way home hears the screams of her neighbour being raped and sees the man responsible running away. She thus becomes the star witness against the rapist, the only one capable of putting him behind bars for good.

Which is, of course, exactly what the rapist's brother, a strong-arm used-car salesman, does not intend to allow. He first tries to bribe her to forget the case, and then starts being a nuisance, invading her privacy and using threats. He reserves physical attack as a last resort.

She is rejected by practically everyone to whom she turns for help. A well-meaning police inspector explains that his hands are tied unless tangible proof can be produced that a crime has been committed. Her boyfriend suggests that she might do better to give in to the threats and change her testimony, for it is clear that she has no chance against underworld hoods. Her ex-husband is too involved with his own life to care about hers, while her little boy, who demands all her attention, constitutes an additional lever for the goons to apply pressure with.

NONE OF THIS is extraordinary. The fact that due process of law is often thwarted by unscrupulous lawyers and criminals who scare the poor citizen off doing his duty is well known. But mere facts do not a film make, and this is where the doubtless well-intentioned Revivo has sinned by taking the basic situation and running with it in a questionable direction.

First, he paints his characters black or white, with nothing in between. The would-be witness is a valiant female whose determination to testify against the rapist is unwavering throughout. While admirable, this isn't quite human and adds nothing to the dramatic possibilities. If the best the hoods can do is annoy, infuriate and disgust her, there is, in fact, not a lot of dramatic sense in the whole plot. Anit Atzmon does not succeed in suggesting the fear, terror and anxiety inherent in the situation, which would show her decision to fight for the truth as a truly valiant one.

On the other hand, Uri Gavriel's hood is a repellent, grinning monster. Cruel and ruthless, he lacks a single redeeming feature to invest him with any degree of humanity. He is simply evil incarnate. Even his devotion to his rapist brother, a

psychopath in a constant state of excitement, is suspect, for he enjoys his evil-doing too much to convey the impression that he is only helping his brother out of a tight corner.

As for the other characters, they are even more schematic: the middle-class, egotistic lover; the tough policeman who is totally ineffective; the shiny, immoral legal adviser, and so on.

All of which gives rise to the suspicion that Revivo's main purpose is to put forward a premise. He lays out the situation much as a chess player would arrange his pieces - to create a problem - and then proceeds to demonstrate that the only possible solution to the problem is to use violence against violence, and to hell with the law.

This is one step to advocating vigilante action in *Death Wish* fashion - and we know only too well what that leads to.

An alternative solution would be to entrust the police with the authority to act on suspicion, before all the facts are absolutely established, in order to prevent crime. But then Revivo warned against that one quite persuasively in *La Bulle*.

THE LATEST comedy to come our way from the Walt Disney studios is called *Splash*. Perhaps one shouldn't refer to it as a Disney production, for that outstanding, highly moralistic studio, which has carefully catered to family audiences from time immemorial, shouldn't be associated with a movie featuring a naked woman. And, indeed, to market this film the Disney people have founded a new company, Touchstone, which will specialize in more adult entertainment.

But don't worry. In this case adult means an average age-level of 12 at most, and *Splash* is innocent enough to show to kindergarten kids, who might enjoy it at least as much as their parents, if not more. Sure there is a naked woman in it, but she is supposed to be a mermaid and the most you see is her shapely bottom and long legs. The rest of her is covered - most of the time by her luxurious mane (fully stuck with adhesive tape to her bosom to avoid any real impropriety). The bosom does peek out once or twice, mainly in the underwater scenes, but not even a sick imagination could find the slightest sexual innuendo in these shots.

Everything is slightly daring, but not too much so. The film starts with a kid who quite unreasonably peeks under ladies' skirts, and his brother who believes he has seen a mermaid in the sea. This brother jumps off the boat on which the family is sailing in the Cape Cod area to join the marvellous vision, only to be fished out by the anxious crew and reprimanded by his worried parents.

Twenty years later, the same two brothers are in charge of a vegetable warehouse in New York. The one is still lecherous, a fat *bon vivant* moving lightly from one boozing party to the next and from one partner of easy virtue to another. The dremmer, who thought he saw a mermaid, has grown up into a serious, reliable young man who runs his business responsibly.

Then the mermaid reappears. She too is 20 years older, a cur-

vaceous, statuesque blonde beauty who can walk quite naturally on solid ground, but whose feet turn immediately into an imposing fish-tail once they come in touch with the least bit of moisture.

She immediately identifies the little boy who jumped into the cold sea so long ago to meet her; indeed, she never forgot him and followed him to New York, landing in the nude at the feet of the Statue of Liberty. Her goal: his apartment.

FROM THIS POINT on, the plot is easy to imagine. She is smitten with him, he with her. She very quickly learns everything there is to know about modern civilization from television; he starts neglecting his business responsibilities in order to keep an eye on his priceless jewel.

But then, those nasty little scientific minds, always too curious for their own good, and the pestering public eye of the media, always in search of freaks and wonders, start chasing them all around the place. The idyllic romance turns into an obstacle race. But everything is kept adequately humorous, with the older brother's tolerant spirit hovering over the strangely matched pair.

The whole film relies, of course, on the physical charms of the actress playing Madison the Mermaid (she picked the name for the avenue in New York). Daryl Hannah, whose formidable attributes were amply made use of in *Raiders*, where she practically put poor Harrison Ford out of combat with her aggressive gymnastics, is a spectacularly well-shaped lady. In this film she wears flat shoes, so as not to make her male partners seem too insignificant, next to her.

Tom Hanks is the appropriately befuddled and rather astonished nice young boy who can't fall in love with a woman, but is bowled over by this creature from the sea. But the show is largely stolen by John Candy, as portly brother Freddie, who moves his bulk with surprising ease and charm.

TOP SECRET, the latest zany comedy from the firm of Abrahams, Zucker & Zucker which gave us *Airplane!*, is typical summer-time fare. For immediate consumption, it is quite enjoyable - and quite forgettable.

The parodying talents of the trio are directed this time at the cinema spy-yarn, whether *Flashy James Bond-style*, or the serious brand of John Le Carré. The film concerns the efforts to remove from East German imprisonment a famous scientist who has been blackmailed into building a terrible weapon for the communists who will, with its aid, unleash a world conflict. The scientist is cooperating because his pretty daughter has been threatened with a dreadful fate.

The mud plot also includes an arts festival, used by the East Germans as camouflage for their devious, nasty plans, with the appearance of an Elvis Presley-style pop idol as the official representative of the United States.

Everything happens at the usual breakneck speed. The pup singer and the scientist's daughter join forces to save the world, and whatever they do is quite irrelevant, since the story exists only in order to justify the jokes strewn all along the way.

As is only to be expected from the makers of *Airplane!*, all the jokes refer to some past film glory, from *Casablanca* to the *Blue Lagoon*, and everything in between. Sometimes it is very funny, sometimes only mildly so. For an evening's light entertainment, it is quite amusing.

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2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets in advance at the Museum, or at ticket agencies: Jerusalem - Kip'rim; Tel Aviv - Rocco, Hadran, Kassel and Le'an; Haifa - Gerber at Carmel Centre, Netanya - Signal; Beersheva - Mercor.

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THE SINGING wasn't great and the tune was none too original, but there was something about "Bird of Paradise" that held you well and truly hooked. In fact, Snowy White's single must go down as one of the hits of the past year.

"Paradise", inevitably, is the strongest track on White's *White Flamingo* (CBS) - yes, another intelligently titled record. But some of the other numbers aren't a long way behind.

The instrumental work that rounds out *Side One*, for example, is fairly classy, and features some nifty finger work from Mr. White.

On guitar, he puts over a sound reminiscent of Carlos Santana but his vocals don't quite come up to scratch. Still, he manages to stay in tune, and in this record's case it's his guitar that does most of the talking.

Overall, *White Flamingo* is a good album, and one I'd buy for "Bird of Paradise" alone.

Talking of vocalists, it's interesting to consider how few universally liked rock vocalists there are. Dylan, Van and Jim Morrison, Springsteen, Knopfler, Clapton, and Costello all have their diehard fans. But there are plenty of folk who'll tell you Dylan sings like he's just swallowed a cheese grater and that Springsteen sounds in need of urgent nourishment. And as for Tom Petty and Mick Jagger, well...

BUT BACK to the vinyl and a really excellent mother from REM (rapid

## Feathered friend



ROCK, ETC./David Horowitz

eye/ear/and movement?). Seriously, though, REM's *Reckoning* (CBS) is a tremendous album, and I'm sure this group is going to be very, very big.

I'd never heard of them before getting this album, but songs like "7

Chinese Brothers" and "So, Central Rain" show they have things to say, a vocalist who can put them over and a bright sound that should bring many to listen.

They are, I would say, an American equivalent of the new British

guitar-based bands such as U2 and Big Country, although with a little more of a commercial edge. *Reckoning* isn't marvellous all the way through, but most of the material is strong, and if you want to be in at the start, get this record.

ANOTHER GOODIE, although a bit of a disappointment, is The Fixx's third album, *Phantoms* (General Music). In the year or so since *Reach the Beach* came out, the Fixx have become pretty well known, especially in the States. *Reach the Beach*, in fact, has sold over two million copies.

The trouble with *Phantoms* is that the band seems to have been primarily concerned with creating an atmosphere, or a definitive style. In that, they have succeeded, but in the process they've left out the substance. *Phantoms* is full of imaginative synthesized backing tracks, ethereal harmony, but the melody lines are far too weak to justify the embellishments.

Fixx drummer Adam Woods claims in the press release that this is the band's best work to date. I'd say *Reach the Beach* is better.

BOY GEORGE and Michael Jackson must be the hottest stars on the pop scene at present, and along with the albums, T-shirts and badges, there have been a fair number of books on the two, most of them outrageously over-priced and pitiful-

ly short on original material.

Merle Ginsberg's *Boy George* (\$4.95 Dell) and Gordon Mathews's *Michael Jackson* (\$4.95 Wanderer) are no exceptions. Neither contains previously unpublished interviews with the stars, and neither throws any new light on them.

Ginsberg's work promises "the whole outrageous Culture Club story," and delivers the well documented history of Boy George: the clownroom assistant, the nun and the geisha, without examining the feelings behind the frocks, the justifying behind the gender-bending.

Mathews's effort is, would you believe, the poorer of the two, a mere 62 pages, which utterly fails to show us anything of "what Michael is really like," or "what stands behind the super star legend."

Jackson is one of rock's most interesting characters, and surprisingly little is known of his private life, beyond his predilection for llamas, that is. This book doesn't help.

CHART NEWS finally, and Stevie Wonder still tops the UK singles charts, although David Bowie is up to number four with "Blue Jean," Freddie Mercury is at seven with "Love Kills," and Culture Club are at eight with "War Song."

Prince's "Let's Go Crazy" leads in the U.S., with the Cars' "Drive" at number four and Chicago's "Hard Habit To Break" moving up fast at number seven.

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LIKE A GREAT many Israelis, I have for many years cherished a not-so-secret and somewhat reluctant admiration for the feisty little king to the east of us.

True, he displayed a monumental lapse of judgment when he entered the fray against us in 1967, and has compounded it in recent years by not seeing fit to go as far as actually talking to us in public. But the mere fact that he has managed to save his skin all these years is reason for commendation.

Moreover, until recently, I was convinced that he had a wonderful sense of style, just the thing, in fact, that one has a king around for.

Then I visited Hassan Effendi, often said to be the most elegant restaurant in East Jerusalem. It was, we were told, the establishment to which the king took his guests in Jerusalem, the visit, regrettably was not a total success.

I am not referring to the food; surely that could have changed considerably in almost 20 years. Nor am

## Magnificent meze

MATTERS OF TASTE  
Haim Shapiro

I thinking about the plastic seats or formica-topped tables. In those days it might have been brocade and fine linen, for all I know. But the decor can only be described as tacky, with a hodge-podge of carved wood and coloured lights, not at all what one would expect from the pretentious exterior.

The service, on the other hand, was pleasant and helpful, without being overly chummy. I noted with approval the courteous manner in which the waiter advised the two young women tourists who wished to share a set meal for one.

The restaurant does offer a very attractive-looking set meal, including a dozen or so offerings for the first course. But we decided that we would rather try a few of the less common items. These ranged from good to excellent.

were happy enough with the dish not to send it back.

Just a little less impressive, but far from unsatisfactory, was the white bean salad. To my taste, the beans were just a trifle too chewy and the dressing in which finely chopped parsley predominated lacked that touch of olive oil which would have improved it indelibly.

All this was washed down with arak, the perfect accompaniment for that kind of Near Eastern opening to a meal. Like many other drinks, it is an acquired taste, but one worth acquiring.

AFTER these very promising first courses, the main courses were, I am sorry to say, a great letdown. The "stuffed lamb" turned out to be the shank of an animal which had long left its mother's breast. The meat

had been boiled long enough to make it rather gluey and stringy, but not long enough to make it tender.

The only saving grace was the huge mound of rice that came with it. Yellow and well seasoned, it had little bits of meat and pine nuts mixed into it.

The stuffed pigeon which we also ordered was not stuffed, and it was rather tough and stringy. It came with a similar mound of rice, which could not, however, mask the not altogether pleasant taste of the bird. This is a pity because when it is well prepared, a stuffed pigeon can be one of those dishes for which one will go to a restaurant.

The baklava was good, if not the best I have ever eaten in East Jerusalem. I suspect I would have enjoyed it more had it been served the day it was purchased. The Turkish coffee was good.

The bill for this rather mixed bag came to \$10.35. I think one can do far better in East Jerusalem.

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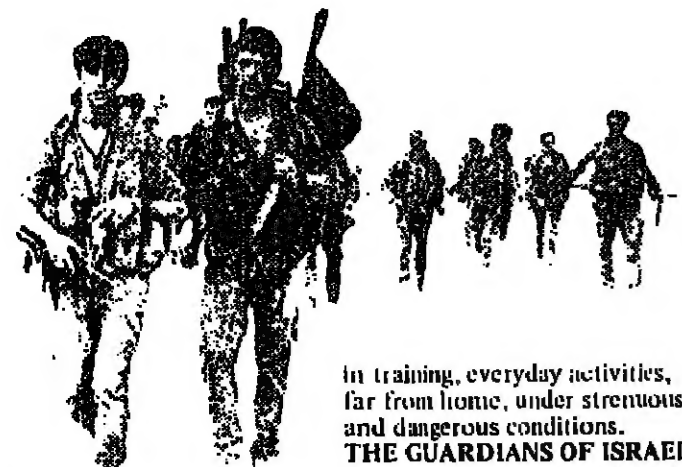




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SOMETHING must have gone wrong at Israel Television during the Suceol holiday week, because everything was right. I have racked my brains to find fault with the programming, but cannot do so. All the films tended to cheer rather than to depress: Rumpole of the Old Bailey, at his magnificent best, came back to delight us; even the news showed us the prime minister, all smiles, returning to Ben-Gurion Airport in triumph, like Julius Caesar coming home to Rome after dividing all the Gauls into three parts.

Pride of place among all the goodies with which we were served must go to Shoshana Damari in *This is Your Life*, a programme which I normally approach with a certain amount of trepidation, knowing that I am going to have to grit my teeth while Amos Ettinger plays his laborious "Surprise! Surprise!" trick on his guest of honour. Another reason for expecting the blush of embarrassment to mantle my cheek is that people normally exploit the occasion to wallow in sentimentality like hippopotamuses in mud.

Why Ettinger insists on playing this trick I cannot comprehend. There must be an explanation, but I cannot fathom it. I am the most reasonable of men, always prepared to suspend a prejudice, and even a principle, so as to understand the other man's point of view. But I cannot for the life of me explain why the subject of the programme has to be brought to the studio by subterfuge, instead of being told simply, "Tonight's your great night - you're on *This is Your Life*. Everybody who has been anybody in your life is waiting in the studio for you."

A FEW years ago, when I was a teenager, we used to organize dances, and sometimes our orgies used to be what we called "surprise parties." The heroine would be lured away from her home, and driven to various places while giggling friends rushed into her house and prepared the party there; then she would be brought back to find herself both guest of honour and hostess. Why we thought this clever I cannot remember.

Perhaps the underlying thought is that it is a proof of love to go to so much trouble to give somebody a moment of shock, like an adoring dog laying a carcass at the feet of its repelled master.

Even if love explains the artifice used in *This is Your Life*, it could only work once. By now Ettinger has used it in scores of programmes, in every one of which the hero or heroine, stupefied with astonishment, found himself or herself facing Amos Ettinger in a studio, surrounded by his or her family, friends and relations from the day of birth, all applauding wildly. It is hard to believe that anybody but a feeble-minded jackass would not deduce from the moment of entering the studio that he or she is starring in *This is Your Life*.

Shoshana Damari is no feeble-minded jackass: on the contrary, she showed throughout the programme that she has a mind as sharp as a surgical laser. The house played on her was to tell her that she was to sing a song for Alati Caspi, and then to go on to a concert organized by the mayor of Herzliya. She went through the motions of pretending these things were still going to happen, but, despite her prowess as an actress, she obviously knew exactly what was what.

The result of her efforts to play bull with Ettinger made me suspect that she knew all along that it was all phoney. This suspicion, like the 13th stroke of A.P. Herbert's crazy clock, which dishonoured not only itself

## Holiday cheer



### TELEREVIEW Philip Gillon

but all previous strokes by the clock, has made me wonder whether all prior stars of the show were not faking their surprise. Whether they were genuine or not, the nuisance must cease.

I appreciate the problem: the trick has become a tradition, and in Israel it is easier to breach one of the Ten Commandments than a tradition. A thing done twice here is a habit; by the third time, it is a tradition, and is immutable. But this one so mars our enjoyment of what is otherwise often an excellent programme that it must be sacrificed.

ONCE THE SILLY business was out of the way, and we got on with the show, we had a whale of a good time. Shoshana was marvellous. She never gushed or pretended to modesty or humility she did not feel: obviously, she has been a star at the centre of the stage so often that she felt it was her rightful place. She was putently and correctly proud of her beauty, her voice, her theatrical presence, her ability and her achievements.

Furthermore, her memories and interjections were salted with wit rather than sweetened with saccharin. She evaded adroitly the many efforts to get her to join in a wallow. This was a queen, a gracious one, but still far above her subjects.

Then there was her singing. With modern pop music pouring out of almost all our radio channels hour after hour, there are times when I feel that I am being driven insane by the wailing and the moaning and the screeching. Her songs took us down nostalgic lane to another world. How enjoyable it was to hear her singing *Kalaniot, Habaita, Hayu Yaminim* - and how beautifully she sang.

Among the highlights that I will long remember were Marian Leibner, a survivor of the Holocaust, describing the emotions of the "illegals" when they saw a young girl stand on a table and sing *Habaita* to them. Leibner's story was supported by an appropriate still photograph. After all their sufferings and wanderings, they heard this lovely young woman singing to them about the home to which they knew they were going at last. I trust that, in the event, they were not disappointed by what they found.

Some of the stories of the early days of Li-La-Lu were very funny. The little Yemenite girl, raised in Israel since she was one year old, suddenly found that she needed to talk Polish, Russian, Yiddish and Hungarian if she wanted to communicate with her fellow-actors. Two of the old-timers sang very good songs and made some good jokes.

As the programme went on, my reservations disappeared like the purchasing power of the Israeli shekel, and I gave myself up to complete delectation.

A MORE SERIOUS but equally enjoyable programme was provided by Zvi Yanai's interview with Professor Amotz Zahavi, the zoologist, on *Sofa Discussion*.

Professor Zahavi dealt with some of the fascinating anomalies that abound in nature, and that appear to be inconsistent with Darwin's theory of natural selection. Assuming that this is achieved by the survival of the fittest, one would expect to find a constant emphasis on efficiency and functionalism.

Yet, Professor Zahavi pointed out, this is not the picture that emerges. He gave the example of the peacock, which spends two years developing its magnificent tail, which is almost a metre long and appears to be unnecessary for survival. Its cultivation involves the peacock in great travail and dangers. The trouble proves to be worthwhile, however, for it is the wonder of the tail that inspires love in the peahen. She does not choose a mate according to his ability to find food or fight off enemies: love goes where the tail is greatest.

In my anthropomorphic and egocentric way, while Professor Zahavi was talking so wisely, I kept trying to apply the principle of the peacock's tail to human life. What is our equivalent of that tail? Can would-be Lotharios develop it? What is it that inspires that strange and wonderful attraction between a particular man and a particular woman? In the words of the old song, what is this thing called love?

Another intriguing discovery made by Professor Zahavi is of altruism among animals, the strong protecting and helping the weak, in defiance of the principle of survival of the fittest and letting the weakest go to the wall. I think that I did notice something similar, once, among human beings, but it was a long time ago, so I am not certain that it exists among us.

IN *The Billion Dollar Brain*, Ken Russell's film based on Len Deighton's book, General MacWinter, the Texan Communist-baiter, seemed to me to be an unkind take-off of our own General Blood and Guts. He looked like our man, and he talked like our man: his mind even seemed to work in much the same way. I mention this because it may give our hero an opening to sue somebody, and so to catch up on his comrade-in-arms.

Ah, yes, I have thought of one fly in the ointment - the Overseas Sports Review. We are shown over 20 goals scored in 10 minutes. Nissim Kiviti has no power of selection, but uses whatever comes to him by satellite: thus this week we were shown an unimportant Italian game that the Italians had sent.

It is an exasperating bore that bears a little relation to soccer as a penalty shoot-out does to a game. There is no midfield play, no tactics, no strategy, nothing but goals - there is no element of surprise, because we know in advance that the goals are inevitable, goalkeepers and defenders always fumble and fail. It is as much like soccer as egg powder is like crepe Suzette.

To get this nuck, sports addicts are deprived of 30 minutes of a real match on Thursday nights. Now that we have a friend in high places, let us demand a return to the good old days, about which Shoshana sang so wonderfully.

## Cameraman & choreographer



RECENT SHOWINGS of dance films on television have once again raised questions about the value of televised dance. How well could one judge Nureyev's Petrushka from the film? Or estimate the style of the Kirov Ballet of Leningrad from *Kirov Back Stage*?

These questions need answers not easy to give. My own view is that no one would form an accurate image of Nureyev in the flesh from his rather poorly filmed Petrushka. As for the Kirov film, it gave only an inkling of the lyrical fluidity of the famous Kirov dance style. It was a medley of shots from here and there, mostly much slower in *Swan Lake* than in the company's staged version that I have seen, and certainly less moving.

I once discussed this aspect of dance with the late Paul Salinger, who worked for Israel television, and was one of the finest filmers of televised dance. He said: "Dance on television is more the work of the cameraman than the choreographer." This remains true.

Another person with much experience of televised dance is Billie Mahoney of New York, who was one of the participants at the International Movement Notation Congress in Israel, and teaches Labanotation at the Juilliard School. She also takes part in a video programme entitled *Dance On*, which can be seen on cable television twice a week.

She has already interviewed more than 100 dance personalities for this programme and remarks: "What I try to get at is that dancers are people with a life story as important as anyone else's." In Israel she taped the story of Yehudit Arnon and her work with the Kibbutz Company at Ga'aton.

MAHONEY AGREED that most televised dance performances do not give a true view of works created for the stage. Solos come off best because the dancer's relation to his or her position on stage does not matter so much. Even so, the camera may show the head when one wants to see the feet, the arms when it is important to see the whole body. And in a

### DANCE Dora Sowden

film about a company, the relationship of the dancers to each other, and their positions on the stage, are difficult to determine. Moreover, the size of the dancer in the screen varies so much that the details of movement are not always easy to assess. The dancers can seem smaller, or taller, slimmer or heavier, than they really are. To say that the camera cannot lie is nonsense. It can play tricks.

Until the cameras provide a view similar to that given in live performances, a televised performance may be an entertainment but it does not capture a dance adequately.

Mahoney stressed that dance should be created especially for television if it is to have real value. It should not just be transferred from stage to screen. She gave a workshop during the Ramle festival to show how to design a dance programme for the comparatively small screen, and how to adapt what had begun as a stage performance.

This does not mean that ballet and other dance works should not be recorded on film. Television and videotape can be great aids to study - like recordings for music. Yet, as someone has said in another context, you can no more learn to dance from films than you can learn to play from records. I may add that you cannot assess dance - performance or choreography - from watching television any more than you can grasp the true texture of music from listening even to the best recordings. They are aids. They are not the real thing, any more than a reproduction is the real painting.

Mahoney's solution for some of the difficulties in transferring a dance performance from stage to screen was to devise a notation score for camera movements to be used together with the movements of choreography. In other words, choreographer and cameraman

should work together. The inference is that cameraman and choreographer should understand each other's discipline.

SHE REMARKED also that a dance consultant should be attached to television.

He should be present in the control room during taping or shooting to cue the director from a notation score prepared beforehand in accordance with what the camera eye can take in. Such an aid to filming is necessary for translating a production from stage to studio to screen. It could be of great use also in specially created works, and could provide a new field for notation specialists.

"In video dance, the movement of the camera is an integral part of the choreography," said Mahoney in a lecture to the Movement Notation Congress. "In stage dance, the question is always - where is the front? In video dance, the front is of no consequence. The relationship of the dancers to the camera is of primary importance."

She illustrated through diagrams how panning, tilting, rotating ("cart-wheeling") the camera, zooming in, zooming out, focusing, etc. affect the final result.

Until television viewers, dancers and choreographers understand this, dancers on video and films can only be judged as soloists, and, even then, "not in the round."

Confirmation of Mahoney's views was provided by videos of Pina Bausch and her Wuppertal Dance Theatre, which were shown to critics here before the arrival of her group. Her *Rite of Spring* looked contrived and staged. Yet the stage performance in the Mann Auditorium was overwhelming, cruel and harsh, but artistically strong, and choreographically powerful. That is one example of camera distortion.

Until choreographers create specially for the camera, and camera crews become expert in capturing stage choreography, dance lovers should attend live performances.

## This Week in Israel Th

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"The Holiness" with Lili Monori, Isabelle Hupert, Jan Nowicki. Dir. Maria Moszars. The film is in French with Hebrew subtitles. Sun., Oct. 21 at 8.30 pm.

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EVENTS

1. "Forty Years Later" A study evening on the book by Shalom Stephen Grik (in cooperation with "Brith Rishonim" and the Zionist Council in Israel).

2. "The Historical Novel in Yiddish Literature" A study evening in Yiddish (in cooperation with the Association of Yiddish Writers and Journalists in Israel).

3. "The Kabbalah" A study evening on the occasion of the publication of the book by Michael Korinad, Participants: Dr. H. Ben-Shamir, Rabbi H. Levy, Rabbi D. Scholopch, Dr. M. Korinad, Moderator: Dr. Eli Ben-Gal.

4. Screening of the Yiddish film "Mi Kommen On" (We are coming). The life in an institution for Jewish children in Poland in the mid 30's. All were killed by the Nazis in 1942. Dir. Alexander Ford; script: Vanda Vosliska and Jacob Pal. The film is in Yiddish. Introduction to the film: V. Loden. Oct. 25 at 8 pm.

Presentation of films on contemporary Jewish history in Germany to Beth Hatefutsoth. More than 10 hours of documentary films and audio-visual material on the contemporary history of Jews in Europe will be presented by Mr. Bengt von Zur Mühlen, founder and director of Chronos - Films and Archives of contemporary history, based in Bonn, Bonn Zion Auditorium, Beth Hatefutsoth, Mon., Oct. 22 at 8 pm. Program: H.E. Ambassador Niels Hansen of the Federal Republic of Germany - greetings, Mr. Bengt von Zur Mühlen - "How the films were collected." Screening of 30 minutes synopsis of the films. The evening will be conducted in English. The public is invited.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of the Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. 03-425161. Buses: 13, 24, 27, 45, 45, 74, 79.

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WIEN Ludwig Schwerin (1897-1983) arrived in Palestine from his native Germany in 1938; he was an accomplished portrait painter who had also embraced much of the ideology and techniques of post WWI expressionism.

His current retrospective of more than 100 paintings and works on paper at the Ramat Gan Municipal Museum indicates clearly that Schwerin's talents as a fine draughtsman and colourist never fully developed in his adopted homeland.

Several observers and historians of the art of Eretz Yisrael believe that Schwerin, like several other painters and sculptors who emigrated from Germany to Palestine with the rise of Nazism in the 1930s, was affected by culture shock — a traumatic experience that involved, first, the total reversal of human experience (physical and emotional), and second, the difficult task of breaking into the local art establishment which worked within and admired fervently the mainstream of French and European post-expressionist styles. Artists like Krakauer, Steinhilber and Hukko whose traditions favoured the more graphic, unlyrical, northern style fell into the same pattern as Schwerin.

Although the exhibition touches only a smattering of Schwerin's output it is indicative of his achievements and capabilities. Most of the works on paper — drawings, wash and line renderings, ink and brush sketches and pastels — are generally passive in their compositional structure and neutral in the power of observation. They possess little of the intensity and daring that Schwerin exhibited in a score of brutally viewed and surgically cut expressionist oriented woodcuts from his early years in Germany.

Schwerin was best at short range with genre and village subjects that are compact and limited in scope. Here he managed to use the compression of space and objects to his advantage by carving out the forms from space with dramatic lighting, shadows and broad contoured lines. Long landscapes of the Negev or the Galilee are filled with visual depressions and unsolved pictorial designs. Schwerin was a master of the ink and brush technique. He could "package" form and volume with several slashes of the brush highlighted by diluted grey washes. His talent is a

## Short range



'Sara' (detail), katzome print on paper, by Nira Schwartz.

portrait painter is exemplified by a beautifully structured and pigmented self portrait and an early (1927) painting of his wife. Other pictures that stand out among the overall drabness include a flattened, Orientalized colour sketch of a "Carp Pool," "Tufts of Reeds on the Kinneret" and a "Trio of Women at Ein Giv," the latter illuminated in direct, stark light that generates ideas from Rembrandt to Van Gogh. (Bet Emanuel, Chevat Zion 18, Ramat Gan.)

THIS three person show is professionally unbalanced. Sculptures by Daph Landbar are far superior in concept and execution to the graphic and mixed media pictures by Clement Mayan or the collage-assembly panels by Micha Terem. Landbar creates "idea"-oriented sculptures arranged from rough boughs, distressed planks, painted

wood, stones and rope that, by her own admission, are intuitively designed yet contain an accomplished sensitivity that defies her statement. Landbar's feel for found textures and tactile form coalesce exceptionally well. Her main volumetric thrust comes in the form of women's pantyhose filled with pebbles, sand, cotton batting or a combination of the three. The massive, oscillating, linear stretch and translucence of the fabric material coupled with the weight and opacity of its content is a marvellous marriage and lends total support to the stable armature of wood and stone.

For Landbar, what is essentially abstract in nature can also be sprayed with an atmosphere of reality, that reality being a visual testament or memorial to a guarded secret, emotion or state of being (life and death). Whatever her purpose, Landbar has provided the spectator

with art that has a presence, a meaning, a beginning and an end.

Using a commercial toy doll as his motif, Mayan prints, paints, cuts out and wraps the figures in graphic interpretations, mostly grey and black; Mayan uses the occasional tone but not to any advantage.

The exhibition closes with Terem, an autodidactic painter at the beginning of his career. Using chicken mesh as a visual foreground for colour paper paste-ups and found objects, he achieves little because his paste-ups are clumsily put together, his painting is disjointed and his compositions are amateurishly conceived. (Yehoshua Gardens Art Pavilion, Park Hayarkon, Tel Aviv.)

THE FULL spectrum of print making and a variety of art styles characterize "Works on Paper" by five women artists. Yael Keinan concentrates on balancing small, roughly drawn shapes and plunging lines on large fields of placid colour. Using the serigraph medium to achieve flat surfaces that reduce nature to art, Keinan controls the nuances only slightly while varying the intensity of her palette on occasion — this results in static compositions in embryonic states.

Geula Maruk Cahen uses mixed intaglio and silk screen combined to print large, decorative abstractions in which bold "swooshes" or solid bands intertwine with chaotically grouped mitotic shapes. Cahen's colour sense is well developed and her choice of monochromatic blues is a repetitive favourite.

Using the etcher's needle and the scraper, Mina Berold recreates photos or worked-over drawings into line etchings or soft ground intaglio prints. Her main subject is ballet: dancers, studio time, rest, cotton batting or a combination of the three. The massive, oscillating, linear stretch and translucence of the fabric material coupled with the weight and opacity of its content is a marvellous marriage and lends total support to the stable armature of wood and stone.

In both series, Berold's drawing has improved but still lacks the spark and passion that one can achieve only by drawing quickly and consistently from life, over and over and over again.

Naomi Levy is a combined decorator and naturalist. Her love for nature and things that flower are evident in the small, delicately drawn and freshly coloured pictures of

fields, flowers and trees and are far superior to her investigation of figurative or abstract imagery.

Hana Edlan scrapes and cuts into her zinc plates with gusto in several semi-figurative expressionist compositions. But her best piece is an overall design, metaphysically rendered, fluid etching à la Paul Klee. In an uninterrupted intuitive method, Edlan lets her needle wander around the print surface as images of fish appear with animals, people and pure symbolism. The sensual line, scratchy as it might be, is supported by overall transparent tints of blue-grey, yellow and pinkish mauve. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simat Mazal Atrich, Old Jaffa. Till Nov. 8.)

GRADUATES of the Industrial Design Department of the Centre for Technological Education in Holon (under the auspices of Tel Aviv University) are exhibiting final year projects in a comprehensive display of hand-made objects, mechanical plans, theses and prototypes for everything from coat hangers, packs of tea and pencil boxes to jeeps and luggage. Generally, the work is thoughtful and clinical in that solutions to a problem seem to grasp the need of compressing into one whole the several functions of form, material, cost, manufacture and the human environment (ergonomic considerations). By the same token, however, many of the models project a veneer of "cheap" mass production.

Of the 21 designers showing their stuff, mention should be made of Amir and Rachel Toton for a cleverly designed and crafted travel bag called Voyager. Conceived around a modular scheme, there are several arrangements that fit the needs of dress and time. By merely zipping, fastening, folding or clasping the parts together (or apart), one can travel quickly for a weekend or leave for an unlimited stay.

Ronni Golos's carry-about kit for designers was probably born from a personal need. His design is a neat package containing all the tools of the designer's trade needed to work in the field, including an adequate light table. A good exhibition to take the children to. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv. Till October 27.)

Gil Goldfarb

## The twain shall meet

AN EXHIBITION of decorative textiles and paper prints in the Japanese *katzome* technique by Nira Schwartz will be seen for five days in Haifa. The artist, who has already done some significant painting in Israel, learnt this age-old craft, which is used to adorn kimonos, during a four-year stay in Tokyo.

This once widespread, repetitive pattern-making would have died out had it not been for the stubborn conservatism so typical of the Japanese. The head of her school was in fact a "Living National Treasure."

Nira Schwartz is the only Westerner to practise this intricate craft, depicting Oriental flowers and leaves in traditional manner. She has mastered the whole process superbly: the hand-colouring (with organic pigments) of designs attained through self-cut paper stencils.

The challenge for her was to use *katzome* innovatively in her art. In this she was influenced by modern

Japanese print-makers who assimilated German Expressionist wood-cut techniques and combined them with native folk art. Schwartz presents "Waves," a strong and decorative piece, and stylized but earthy and zesty biblical figures: Eve, Sara and Yael, in comforted postures, outlined in thick black.

Her "Israelized" decorative hangings, with wild cyclamens instead of chrysanthemums, fig leaves instead of peonies, are rather shallow, attesting to the stifling influence of the stern Japanese tradition.

This talented artist might find her own individual way, freeing herself from clinging adherence to an out-lived skill, but retaining its esthetic discipline. (Rothschild Auditorium, Haifa. October 20-25. Demonstration by the artist: October 22, at 5 p.m. Under the patronage of the Japanese Museum.)

Edith Varga-Biro

VICKI GROSSFELD'S Yenta-Grams are described quite candidly in her ad in the New York papers: "Yenta comedienne delivers outrageous, personalized nagging messages, all occasions." Using information supplied by the client, she does her level best to embarrass the subject by mercilessly exploiting this advantage.

She dresses the part, carefully choosing "lucky, tasteless clothes" to inject the maximum amount of shame and guilt into the situation. Once a friend of a parish priest sent a Yenta-Gram to a parochial hall in which priests, nuns and Catholic laity were gathered. "I pretended that I'd met Father Norman on a cruise," Vicki recalled, "and that he'd tried to take advantage of me." As I imagined the poor cleric praying to be delivered from the noisome pestilence, I nearly died of shame compounded by the certainty that this jolly wheeze must have set back the cause of ecumenicalism by 20 years.

I was only mildly relieved when she gave me the punch line that defused the situation. "Pointing at his Roman collar, I said 'You told me you were a white-collar worker but this is ridiculous!'"

The classical Yenta is a vulgar busybody and stories about the species are legion. One, meeting another woman in Miami, presumed on their extremely short acquaintance to ask: "Have you been through the menopause?"

"The menopause? I haven't even been through the Fontainebleau yet."

First and foremost, the Yenta is an irresponsible gossip who frequently manages to inject a moral tone into the proceedings. "It's no use asking me for details," one was heard to declare. "I already told you more than I heard myself." I am reliably informed that Jewish audiences were puzzled to find that Steven Spielberg's movie was about a fish. They assumed that *Jaws* would be a film about a New England resort terrorized by a Yenta.

The Talmud offers some curious advice on how to deal with this sort of nuisance. "Our fingers are shaped like nails," it says in *Ketuboth*, "so that we can put them in our ears when ugly gossip reaches us." That's all very well, I suppose, but it must be mildly inconvenient, to say the least, to go around with your index fingers stuffed in your lug-holes. Surely, it is better to cultivate a certain amount of *savoir-faire* to deal with situations like these. A rather formidable woman once turned up at a Buckingham Palace function, for example, and casually apologised to an enquiry for not having replied to the RSVP on the invitation.

"There's really no need to worry, madam," he murmured. "It was entirely our own fault for asking you."

THE MORE public the venue the better, Vicki says. Once she was hired to chase a man through the crowds at Kennedy airport, screaming curses at him and pretending to be the wife he had heartlessly abandoned. He was so shattered by this totally unexpected assault that in his defence he could only produce the feeblest and least convincing of clichés: "I've never seen this woman before in my life!"

Yenta-Gram's cursing is part of a great Jewish tradition that began with the 66 verses of *Deuteronomy* 27 and 28. Maledictions may sound impressive in other languages — the multisyllabic "chichechione incoerente" or the short, sharp Anglo-Saxon expletives — but they cannot begin to compare with those cumulative Yiddish imprecations that condemn the victim to a raging *kadoches*

and to tossing from bed to bed in a house with a thousand rooms.

Paradoxically, the modern excretion texts developed by stand-up comedians owe their devastating impact to the studied understatement of quite another tradition of Yiddish cursing: "May you be too good for the world and not good enough for your wife!"

Nowadays, Borscht-belt comedians prefer this kind of slow-burn delivery. "May your neighbourhood change!" they say, reflecting demographic patterns, or "May your son meet a nice Jewish doctor!" acknowledging current sexual confusion.

Yiddish cursing of the more pedestrian variety has become, in translation, part of the American language and has even been grafted onto the Queen's English — and I'm not referring to the occasion when "Queen Elizabeth will sleep along 95 pieces of luggage on her trip here."

"Get lost!" (*ver ferblonzet*) is now universally employed to denote displeasure and, in *Born Yesterday*, Judy Holliday gave her imprimatur to "Drop dead!" (*ver geharget*).

OF COURSE, if anyone were to oblige by dropping dead, he could depend on chicken soup being administered immediately. I've often wondered why Lazarus, the chap in *St. John 11*, wasn't given a dose of nourishing broth like Minnie Ashe's son in Cyril Kersh's hilarious novel. Minnie knows exactly what to do when she hears he's been involved in a fracas. "Get the bandages out," she shouts to her daughter, "find the iodine. And put a light under the soup."

She may have something there; the therapeutic properties of chicken soup have been endorsed by *The Lancet* and, more recently, by the Division of Pulmonary Diseases of — appropriately enough — Miami's Department of Medicine.

Last winter, Manhattan suffered from more than the usual quota of burning brows and aching joints prompting, Gael Greene reported, "a rash of emergency chicken soup missions across town." Gael, *New York* magazine's food critic, was recently rated the best in her field by David Shaw, "Press Watch" reporter of the *Los Angeles Times*.

She lived up to her reputation by running a two-page survey of the chicken-in-the-pot-to-go scene "as a public service" that was slightly mangled, I felt, by her coding system. Four red crosses would have denoted the ultimate old-world perfection, for example, and to compound the felony, the place-mats that some lame-brained photographer had used in illustrating the article were of blue satin decorated with — of all things — *chinoiserie* swastikas.

Perhaps some erudite reader can tell me why the *kneidlach* in New York's delis are so enormous, the size of cannon balls. Could these monumental dumplings have been injected — like Las Vegas showgirls — with silicone?

No wonder a sensitive soul like Woody Allen suffers from recurrent Kafkaesque nightmares. "I am at a dinner party with some friends," he dreams, "when suddenly a man walks in with a bowl of soup on a tush. He accuses my underwear of treason."

It's a pity that Freud was so assimilated that he was much more interested in *goyimnaches* such as Jocasta's sleeping arrangements between the strange symbiosis between Jews and chickens; surely, *kappara* is an example of transference that is at least as interesting as Anna O falling in love with Breuer. And, instead of sending chicken soup to Martha Bernays, "to make her strong

## Chicken soup



WITH PREJUDICE  
Alex Berlyne

and give her cheeks some red colour," he sent her some cocaine. Well, I mean to say. And it's so expensive.

The old Yiddish proverb has it that when a poor Jew eats a chicken one of them is ill. Another chicken joke, given the permissive times we live in, might have proved more interesting to the Psychological Wednesday Society at Bergussie 19:

"What is bestiality?" Mr. Saperstein, obviously very embarrassed, asked his doctor.

"It's having sexual intercourse with, for example, a sheep."

"No, I can imagine that a shepherd living up in the hills for months on end must sometimes get lonely."

"Or having sex with a cow," the doctor continued, "or a horse."

"Well," said Mr. Saperstein, "if he's desperate and there's no alternative... I suppose we shouldn't judge."

"Or a chicken?"

"A chicken? Feh!"

THE JEWISH penicillin plays an important role in Adrienne Gusoff's business. Her classified ad features it prominently: "Bubby-Gram — Hilarious Jewish Grandma! delivers get-well chicken soup" and the recipient gets a card with it:

*I brought you some chicken soup. An old bubby cure. If you drink every drop You'll get better for sure.*

He or she is also subjected to one of "Mrs. Enterman's" nagging routines. "No wonder you're sick, the way you don't take care of yourself. Believe me, if you ate everything on your plate and went to bed at a reasonable hour, you would be 100 per cent healthy by now." This

knee-jerk reflex reminded me of Zero Mostel's mother who once trod on the cat's paw and hawled it out. "How many times," she complained, "do I have to tell you not to go about the house barefoot?"

I called Adrienne, and her Answerphone treated me to another American-Yiddish homily before the beep: "Hello, how's by you? By me is not so bad... Remember to eat all your vegetables and wear a sweater when you go out."

When I finally got to meet her, she turned out to be an attractive young woman with a lively intelligence, a former advertising copywriter, who dresses for her role as "Sylvia Enterman" in a pillow-stuffed house-dress, a sequinned sester with a fur collar, a wig, rhinestone-trimmed glasses, orthopedic shoes and support hose which, I was interested to note, appeared to have built-in varicose veins.

An essential prop is a Miami-style transparent plastic bag printed with garish flowers. From it, she produces pictures of her grandchildren, a rubber chicken, Ex-Lax, a Mah Jongg card and a half-knitted sweater with a matching ball of hot-pink wool. This painstaking attention to significant detail helped her win the Playboy Club's contest for the best singing telegram in New York. Adrienne claims that her lyrics about the club's Bunnies, sung to the tune of *Hava Nagila*, did the trick; though you might think, as I do, that it's too much of a good thing:

*All these girls  
With their big breasts,  
Catching cold  
Without their vests...*

SHE WORKS Manhattan herself though she has a job in New Jersey who covers the area for her and also specializes in a "Stripping Sadio-Gram." This "Jewish Grandma" strips down to voluminous drawers and a hideous old-fashioned corset. "Sometimes," says Adrienne, "she gets carried away and goes further."

The mind boggles. What could she possibly do to top that? Remove her shield?

After the Yenta and the priest, I felt I'd better ask if Adrienne's bubby was ever hired to perform for non-Jews. "Oh sure," she replied, "this Chinese fellow recently sent a Bubby-Gram to a Japanese girl he really wanted to impress."

I could only assume that it was something inscrutable associated with ancestor worship.

"I was once sent to a young black guy by someone who worked with him," Adrienne continued. "Actually, his colour came as a surprise but I managed to ad-lib my way through. 'Darling, I *kvelled*, you must have been in Florida to have such a wonderful tan.'"

The grandma image is so persuasive that people not only hire her for birthday, get-well and bar-mitzva greetings ("I was once sent as an RSVP to a bar-mitzva invitation") but to help patch up squabbles or to give them support and comfort after an affair has broken up. "But when someone's really sick I bring him or her chicken soup, a bagel with a candle stuck in it or a bottle of seltzer labelled 'Chateau Manischewitz — a wonderful year.' Maintaining that she's 'the grandmother of our country,' Adrienne explains, "George Washington chopped cherry trees. I chop liver."

Orders are filed on her computer. "I can pull out all the birthdays and anniversaries," Adrienne explained, "match routines to the particulars, mail them cards and generate repeat business."

Ironically, the super-sollicitous grandmother is less in demand than Adrienne's super-nadnik bubby who

injects guilt into every situation ("Thirty years old already and still not married. OK... OK... I'm not trying to rush you but I'm not getting any younger"). Perfect strangers who protest that she's not their grandmother would be better advised to avoid giving her the perfect opportunity: "You're ashamed of your own bubby!"

This guilty-until-proven-innocent routine reminded me of the definition of a Jewish porno movie — one minute of sex and nine minutes of guilt — and the gag that once appeared in the small ads of the *National Lampoon*: "Somewhat unhappily-married orthodox, well-mannered gentleman seeks shame."

It was clear that the routine she enjoyed most was her "That's Entertainment Bubby-Gram" in which she sings a number of parodies of the standards including *I'm a Yenta from Hadassah*, her version of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (shouldn't that be *Yankee Strudel Dandy*?) and *My Favourite Tink*, a lyric that Julie Andrews' nun would have found incomprehensible and that would have had Oscar Hammerstein filing writs:

*A blissed chopped liver,  
A shmeer on a bageleh,  
A comfortable girdle,  
Mine hairdresser the faigeltch...  
"I'm still working," she revealed,  
"on a version of Putting on the Ritz called Sitting in the Schwitz."*

THIS VEIN was once mined very profitably by the late Allan Sherman in a 1962 album that included *Shine on Harvey Bloom*, *Rosen's Designing for Picardy* and his brilliant parody of *Frère Jacques*:

*Sarah Jackman, Sarah Jackman,  
How's by you, how's by you?  
His sidesplitting improvement of Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours (Hullo Muddah, Hullo Faddah) presumably prompted Dudu Topoz to write his current success, Michal Milovanov.*

Oddly enough, Al Dubin, who wrote *42nd Street* and *Lullaby of Broadway*, once came up with *My Yiddish Butterfly*, a lyric that managed to combine the themes of Ponchielli's glow-worm and Sherman's Jewish summer camp:

*Flutter, flutter, flutter,  
Round your Abie Perlmutter.  
Oh, my yiddish butterfly!  
Ask your Fadder and your Mudder  
If they want a clothing cutter  
In the family by and by.*

Allan Sherman's original inspiration was revising lyrics "as if Jewish people wrote all the songs — which, in fact, they do." Ironically, his greatest success came when he tackled *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, whose WASP credentials were impeccable, and came up with *Glory, Glory, Hurry Lewis*, the story of a cutter who worked in Irving Roth's *shmutte* business. In my opinion, his second verse is as immortal as Julia Ward Howe's original lyric:

*Oh, Harry Lewis perished in the service of his Lord.*

*He was napping through the warehouse where the drapes of Roth are stored.*

*He had the finest funeral the union could afford.*

*But his cloth goes shining on. Sherman's song always puts a lump in my throat. My father was a tailor and, until I went to secondary school, I thought there were only two seasons in the year: busy and slack. Why hasn't somebody come up with a Tailor-Gram for people like me? He'd knock at your door, sing you Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long through a mouthful of pins, then up off one of your sleeves and make chalk marks all over your pants.*

(New Yorker March 1964)

Etching by Mina Berold, at Old Jaffa Gallery.







A LONG double row of rusty iron rails, just over a metre high, driven firmly into the limestone rock of Mt. Carmel in the Hod Hacarmel quarter of Haifa, is all that is left of what very nearly became a second Masada, just over 40 years ago.

The rails, undulating with the mountain's slope, have withstood the rigours of the Carmel weather, but are disappearing as bulldozers carve out the mountain for housing. They are a fading memorial to the precarious state of the Yishuv in the early Forties.

Rommel's Afrika Korps was at El Alamein, 105km. west of Alexandria, poised to cut through the British 8th Army. After that there would be nothing to stop the Nazi hordes sweeping into Palestine, to continue here the "Final Solution" they had set in motion in conquered Europe.

How the leadership of the Yishuv prepared to meet the threat in 1940-42 is recorded in a collection of documents edited by Uri Brenner and recently published by the Talenkin Memorial Institute for Research of the Israel Defence Forces.

It was only on November 2, 1942, when General Montgomery's 8th Army launched the decisive El Alamein offensive that forced the Nazis to retreat from the gates of Egypt, that the threat was finally lifted.

The Yishuv leadership took the threat very seriously. So did the British, who actually prepared their own evacuation from Palestine. The Jewish leadership, after much debate, got ready to gather as much of the Jewish population as possible in a fortress to be established on the Carmel for a last stand, should Rommel break through.

The metre-high steel piles that were part of the defences would today hardly stop a truck with a determined driver. In the Forties it was hoped that they would hold up the German Panzers, at least long enough to give the defenders a chance to fight them with whatever weapons they might have.

IN EARLY 1941, when Britain still stood alone against the Nazis and her fortunes were at a low ebb, the War Office and the Colonial Office in London discussed the principles for a possible evacuation of Palestine. Only British subjects were to be evacuated, both because of the difficulties involved in removing half a million Jews and because it was preferable to keep the Army's retreat routes free of refugees.

The High Commissioner, Sir Harold MacMichael, warned of the moral dilemma of leaving the Jews to the mercy of the Nazis; but as Churchill, who had been advised of the plans, made no comment, it was assumed that he agreed to their being left behind.

The Jewish leaders became aware of the British attitude and started preparing their own plan to meet the threat, while lobbying the British to help them by giving them arms. The plan, soon known as the "P.S." (Palestine Post-Occupation Scheme), won the general approval of the British whose primary interest was not saving the Yishuv but holding up the German advance.

It was in May 1941 that the Hagana decided to establish the Palmah shock-troop unit and an "Arabized" intelligence unit of Arab-speaking members. Both aided the British in their occupation of Syria. At the same time the Yishuv was actively promoting the recruitment of young men and women for the British Army, and thousands joined.

In February 1942, as the British suffered reverses in the Western Desert, the Palmah established a "Ger-

## Waiting for Rommel

YA'ACOV FRIEDLER tells the story of a planned Masada on Mout Carmel.



Iron rails imbedded in Carmel slopes were designed to stop panzers.

man" unit for intelligence work behind enemy lines and in the PoW camps in Egypt. At this time the Hagana also took measures to meet the possible arrival of German paratroops or sea-borne forces or saboteurs. Lacking arms, these units were restricted mainly to look-out tasks to alert the British.

By the end of June 1942, Rommel captured Mersa Matruh and the 8th Army retreated 180km. east to El Alamein.

A few days later the High Commissioner in Palestine officially informed a Jewish deputation that the evacuation of Egypt and Palestine was being planned, in the event of Rommel capturing Alexandria.

THIS WAS the signal for the Jewish leadership to redouble their efforts to organize a last stand. The whole Yishuv was to be mobilized, with widespread military training, albeit primitive because they didn't have arms. All high-school graduates were to join the Palmah or Special Police, with work service in the kibbutzim for those who were unable to join. Studies in the two top high school classes were to be suspended from Pessah to Rosh Hashana, to enable the pupils to work in the settlements, where the manpower had been mobilized.

Moshe Sharett, the Jewish Agency's "foreign minister," had been discussing Jewish cooperation in the defence of Palestine with the British authorities in Jerusalem and Cairo. When the Agency's Executive met on June 30, Tobruk, which had been a symbol of British fortitude in the Western Desert, had finally been overrun by Rommel. The idea of a "Jewish Tobruk" fell flat. For the first time Masada was mentioned. "If, God forbid, the German invaders come, we must at least see to it that we leave behind us a legend of Masada," Yitzhak Gruenbaum said.

The leadership strove for British recognition and uniforms for the Jewish defenders, failing which some opposed "guerrilla actions" for fear they might provoke the Germans to attempt the total destruction of the Yishuv.

Sharett dismissed appealing the Germans by being "good boys." The Nazis would surely apply their "New Order" in Palestine (the Yishuv didn't know about the "Final Solu-

tion"), and get the Arabs to help by promising to rid them of the "Zionist plague" once and for all. While he objected to suicide, he held that it would "be better to die with honour than with ignominy." The Executive resolved to mobilize the Yishuv for defence and simultaneously lobby the government to legitimize the operation.

At the same time there was great concern for the thousands of Jewish women who had joined the British forces (ATS and WAAF) and were stationed in Egypt, in the path of Rommel's expected advance. Entisurians were sent to organize their "private evacuation" home in case of a German breakthrough.

AS THE danger grew the War Cabinet in London officially authorized the Palestine evacuation plans that called for civilians to be left behind, with the exception of "about 300 Jewish and Arab leaders." In fact the Mandatory government had intended evacuating civilian dependents of its own officials, but to its embarrassment found that the dominion countries refused to take in Jews, who were found to comprise 70 per cent of the dependents.

The government also informed the Jewish leadership it would help the Yishuv resist the Germans by forming a Palestine Regiment and arming the Jewish Settlement Police. Churchill, who was sympathetic to the Jews, was given a personal assurance that they would get arms in sizeable quantities. As it happened, only one-third of the 19,000 men of the Settlement Police were armed and there were not enough guns to go round even for proper training. It is sad to recall that at the very moment they were contemplating their own flight, the British feared that, if the Jews survived, they might not return the arms.

PERHAPS not unexpectedly, Yitzhak Ben-Zion, the Kibbutz Hamehuda leader after whom the research institute is named, comes out rather well in the book, constantly urging courage, boldness, self-sacrifice, action, with no room for defeatism. His movement resolved to carry out large-scale training of its members "regardless of the expense," though their lack of money resulted in debts rather than investments.

HAGANA INTELLIGENCE learned that the government had leaked its evacuation plans to the Arabs, who welcomed them as an opportunity to destroy the Yishuv. Arguments were reported among the Arabs as to whether to start a general massacre as soon as the evacuation began, or to leave the Jews to the Germans. These reports were verified by government sources.

Some circles speculated whether the Nazis, if they came, might consider the Jews of Palestine, farmers and workers, as different to the Luftmenschen in Europe, and thus spare them, provided they did not resist. The majority rejected the idea and insisted on total mobilization and resistance to the last.

Another idea that was rejected involved asking the British to require the Germans to grant the Yishuv PoW status if they took Palestine. Should they begin exterminating Jews, or letting the Arabs do it for them, retaliation measures would be taken against German PoWs. The idea could not be reconciled "with our demand for arms and a chance to stand up for ourselves," and was shelved.

Tabenkin also rejected any thought of evacuation. "If we fall here, others will come to take our place in the future. But if we flee, no one will follow us."

THE HIGH COMMAND of the Hagana decided that "the Yishuv shall not become a passive victim of extermination but will fight." They firmly believed that, had as the situation was, the Allies would eventually win the war and return to liberate Palestine. The problem was therefore how best to hold out against the Germans and the Arabs who would join them. They accepted the possibility that all might die in battle, but nevertheless planned teams of saboteurs to harass the Nazis and tie down their forces.

Practical steps were taken to build the Mt. Carmel Masada. The steel piles to hold up the Panzers were hammered into place. Sites were marked for arms caches, though there were no arms yet, and for shelters against aerial and artillery bombardment.

Plans were readied to accommodate 100,000 Jews in the fortress, in houses, tents, caves and trenches. Huge water containers would be necessary; some big houses were marked for hermetic sealing to fit them as water reservoirs. Holes were drilled in the bridges leading to Haifa, which were to be blown up if Rommel swept through Egypt. Haifa port was to be defended as a lifeline to the outside world.

The big problem was the critical lack of artillery, anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns. The command assumed that, when the time came, it would be possible to get the retreating British forces to leave their guns behind either by persuasion or by stratagems, "and if not we will have to fight them for their guns."

Plans were made to integrate the Jewish units of the British Army in the Masada plan. They were to be ordered not to retreat beyond Palestine with the Army, but to make their way to Mt. Carmel with their arms and equipment. A South African armoured unit was also persuaded to join Masada if necessary.

Nahum Shadmi, the Hagana commander in Jerusalem, held that it would be physically impossible to concentrate the whole Yishuv on Mt. Carmel, and received permission to plan a second fortress around Jerusalem. This plan never got very far.

THE British Army, on the other

hand, genuinely interested in the formation of a Jewish force to resist the Germans, warned that it would not tolerate any disturbances that might adversely affect the front, and would put them down with an iron fist. The warning was effective and the Arabs remained passive.

How did the Revisionist right wing of the Yishuv face the German invasion threat?

The IZL, according to the Tabenkin Institute study, intended planting mines in over 100 Arab villages and blowing up some houses in each of them, in order to force the Arabs to go on the defensive if Rommel came. They also planned partisan units to harass the advancing Germans from the hilltops in the Arab areas, while simultaneously harassing the Arab villages there to contain them.

If the country's fate were sealed, the IZL had a plan, considered "symbolic rather than effective," to concentrate 1,000 IZL fighters from all over the country inside the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem, proclaim the establishment of a Hebrew State there, and defend it to the last man. The IZL command understood that the idea was futile, but hoped that they might hold out for some months, because the Germans would not dare damage the Christian holy places.

THE AGENCY leaders did not negate the IZL plan; they tended to integrate it with their own Carmel Masada plans. But negotiations broke down over the IZL's rejection of the Hagana's condition that they hand over their arm stores to the Hagana first.

In their determination to give the Masada plan a chance if the Germans came, the Yishuv leaders also explored the possibility of cooperation with the Arabs. Those among them who opposed the Mufti—who was in Berlin actively abetting the Nazis—and feared that his men would massacre them as soon as the Germans set foot in Palestine, were believed to be ready to work with the Jews. Moshe Dayan, who was setting up a radio communications network which would enable the Masada defenders to keep in touch with those in the "occupied areas," was aided by these Arabs in locating suitable caves.

Moshe Sharett, at an Agency Executive meeting in July 1942, noted that while many Arabs were hoping for the German invasion, there were many others who feared it—especially the known opponents of the Mufti, who expected to be the first to be killed by his men.

AS IT HAPPENED, the Masada on Mt. Carmel was never put to the test. Montgomery's forces eventually swept the Germans out of Africa.

I sit looking out of the window of my home, as the Victorian writers used to say, and I see the last remnant of the rusting "Masada Line." It never fails to fascinate visitors, especially from Germany.

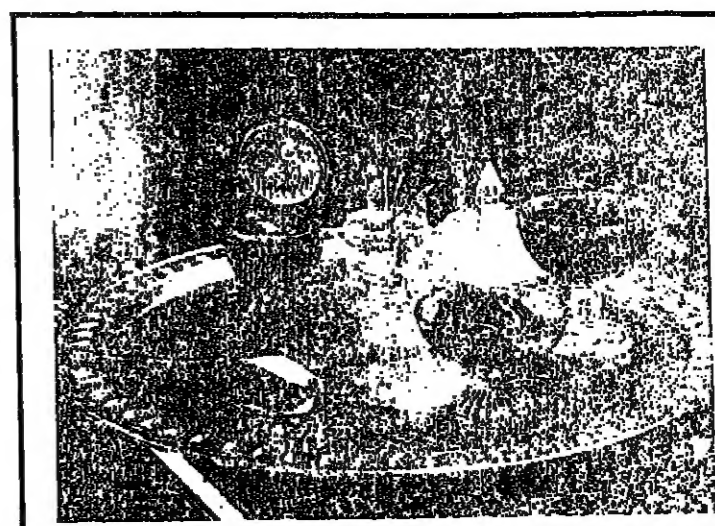
The story has a curious epilogue. Some time ago, on a visit to Isfiya, the Druse village not far from the Hod Hacarmel quarter, I noticed some odd-looking metal drums in the retaining wall of one of the houses on the main road. With the aid of the owner of the house we cleaned some of the grime and found the markings: a Nazi swastika topped by its eagle and the inscription *Kraftstoff-Wehrmacht* (Fuel-Wehrmacht).

So, as chance would have it, a remnant of the Afrika Korps is stuck in the ground not very far from the spot where a remnant of the Masada fortress is hammered into the rocks of the mountain.

THIS IS yet another of those astonishing Holocaust diaries, and all the more astonishing because it seems to speak so directly to our time. Its author is a young, cheerfully neurotic Jewish woman in Amsterdam who sleeps around, has a guru, ponders feminism and bisexuality, goes drinking with her university friends, complains (if our translator is to be trusted) about the difficulty of "coping" and of preserving her "life style," and eventually dies in Auschwitz. Rejected by publishers for decades, the diaries finally found their receptive moment. They were printed in Holland in 1981 and became a raging best-seller. Publication in other countries soon followed, and, need it be added, the book is soon to be a major American motion picture.

The diaries are certainly well written (the author, an aspiring writer, fully intended to see them published), and the picture of Occupied Amsterdam between 1941 and 1943 is extremely valuable. But it is the portrait of the author that is most engaging. Depending on one's point of view, Etty Hillesum is either a saint for our time, or a pathetic fool.

THE DUTCH readers, who bought out over a dozen editions of this book, were of course chiefly Christians, and it is not surprising that they have claimed Etty Hillesum as one of their own. Although she never denied her Jewishness, Hillesum came from an assimilated background and, as we see in the diaries, she became more and more fond of quoting from the Gospels and St. Augustine. Indeed, one of her favourite images is of herself kneeling on the cold stone floor of a nun's cell. Even more appealing to Christians is Etty's archetypal journey from libertine to penitent, her discovery that love of humanity is greater



"Yerushalayim shel Matanin (Jerusalem of Delights)" by Rina Valeri (Tel Aviv, Seimatzky Nahar, 240pp. ISR, 600, is not just a beautifully-illustrated recipe book but also a folklore and story book. The simple explanations accompanying some of the dishes are fascinating human-interest stories, while the recipes were collected by visiting households of various ethnic groups and by watching the housewives as they prepare the delicacies for their families. The main chapters are devoted to soups, vegetables, pickles, fish, rice, desserts, fruit, kugel, hamin, etc. The illustrations show not only the dishes, but try to capture the atmosphere of the various neighbourhoods. A beautiful gift. N.K.

## The direct voice

AN INTERRUPTED LIFE: The Diaries of Etty Hillesum. Translated by Arno Pomerans. New York, Pantheon. 226 pp. \$12.95.

S.T. Meravi

ter than sex, and her eventual embrace of a martyr's death.

Jewish readers, however, will find in Etty Hillesum an all too familiar figure. She was brainy (degrees in

law and in Slavic languages), and romantic (she carried her beloved Rilke to Auschwitz). She was a lively if largely vicarious bohemian, and she was almost paritically conventional. She had what we would call today a highly developed social consciousness, and she was introspective to the point of egotism. She had enormous spiritual yearnings, was well educated in everything but Judaism, and therefore likely to fall under the spell of a person like Julius Spier. This worthy was a former

bank manager, twice Etty's age, both divorced and engaged to be married again. He introduced her to his "psychoanalysis" therapy, which included palm-reading, wrestling, a lot of talk about God, and a lot of time in bed together.

Hillesum worked through numerous postures and attitudes to arrive at her ultimate convictions: "Life is beautiful. . . If you have a rich inner life, there probably isn't all that much difference between the inside and outside of a camp. . . They say the Germans are burying us alive or exterminating us with gas. But what is the point of repeating such things even if they should be true?"

NO POINT of course can be gained in arguing with a person who holds such beliefs. However, there has been much discussion whether Etty Hillesum went willingly to her death. She did volunteer to accompany the first group of Jews shipped to the transit camp at Westerbork in the Dutch hinterland. But as an employee of Amsterdam's Jewish Council, Etty knew she was exempt from shipment to Poland. She also knew she would be allowed to travel back and forth between the camp and her home, which she did many times. And when her exemption was suddenly lifted, she tried desperately to get it renewed. Henrietta Boas, *The Jerusalem Post's* correspondent in Holland, has insisted that Etty Hillesum was "no hero, nor a woman of exceptional mind and strength," and that when she was finally herded on the train, "she had little inkling of what was really to happen."

Is the point moot or crucial? Etty Hillesum was at once so complex and so simple-minded that it's hard to tell. Read her fascinating, infuriating and often touching diaries and decide for yourself.

## A detective story

KHAZARIAN HEBREW DOCUMENTS OF THE TENTH CENTURY by Norman Golb and Omeljan Pritsak. Ithaca and London, Cornell University Press. 166 pp. No price stated.

Wolf Moskovich

story. In fact, it involved a good deal of detective work, for it deals with hitherto unknown or misinterpreted facts.

AT THE centre of the book are the text and the interpretation of a letter in rabbinic Hebrew written by Khazarian Jews at the beginning of the 10th century. The letter, a Cairo Geniza parchment, preserved at Cambridge University, was discovered by Golb in 1962, and is published for the first time. It contains names of Khazarian Jews from Kiev, and a single word in the Khazarian language, written in runic characters.

The signatories of the letter, representatives of the Jewish community in Kiev, ask other communities to help a Jew who has been redeemed from captivity. The names of the signatories are Hebrew as well as Khazarian, which helps to confirm the authenticity of the Khazarian diplomatic correspondence with Hasdai ibn Shaprut.

All the non-Hebrew names in the letter belong to Khazars, for they figure both in various historical sources and among descendants of medieval Altaic tribes in the Volga-Don area. Some of these names were

A.N. Poliak, and revised by Arthur Koestler's *The Thirteenth Tribe*, on the possible Khazarian origin of East European Jews, will certainly be maintained. Golb states that "well-documented findings concerning the cultures of Jewries of Western Europe in the Middle Ages, as well as evidence leading directly to the recognition of the movement eastward of important segments of those Jewries during late medieval times, leave no room for the hypothesis that the Jews of postmedieval Europe were descended primarily from Khazars. That, however, those among the Khazars who adopted Judaism as their religion came to form a part of the Ukrainian component of Eastern European Jewry, and eventually to be assimilated by it, can hardly be doubted on the basis of our present state of knowledge."

It is a pity that Golb doesn't elaborate on this. His discovery of the Khazarian letter lends support to the hypothesis that Khazarian elements played a role in the formation of East European Jewry, though the precise extent may never be known. For only a few features of possible Khazarian origin survive in Yiddish, and most of them are of recent derivation.

Golb and Pritsak write lucidly though in considerable detail. Their book should be of much interest to a wider circle of readers. Pritsak, in the meantime, continues work on his five-volume history of the Khazarian Rus', whose first volume has already been published by Harvard University Press. His new findings establish the importance of the Khazars in the history of Kiev.

*Khazarian Hebrew Documents* must be one of the most interesting historical and philological works to appear in the last decade.

THE CONTROVERSY initiated by

## Testimony

FROM A RUINED GARDEN: The Memorial Books of Polish Jewry, edited and translated by Jack Kugelmann and Jonathan Boyarin. New York, Schocken Books. 275 pp. \$18.95.

KARMI SHELI (My Own Vineyard) by Miriam Akavia (Weinfeld). Tel Aviv, Dvir. 301 pp. Price not stated.

Alexander Zvielli

THE *Yizkor* books, or memorial volumes dedicated to the communities which perished in the Holocaust, are a unique series. The volumes would be published by *Landsmannschaften*—benevolent societies of Jewish emigrants from the same East European towns. Often, they may seem little more than just collections of sentimental memoirs interspersed with yellowing photographs that somehow survived the war-years. However, in such *Yizkor* books, surprisingly good poems can be found, or touching autobiographical sketches. They are of historical and sociological value, and well deserve translation.

Jack Kugelmann and Jonathan Boyarin have gone through some two hundred *Yizkor* books, and have assembled some of the most intrinsically interesting or characteristic pieces. Zachary Baker has added a geographical index and bibliography.

The selections are from pre-World War I memoirs, the period between World Wars I and II, the Holocaust, and the tragic return following liberation. They have been arranged under the following headings: Our Towns, Townspeople, Lifeways, Events, Legends and Folklore, Symbols and Ceremonies, the Holocaust and the Return.

"I have been rescued from Nazi slavery through a miracle," writes one Holocaust survivor. "Yet I feel like a lonely twig from a destroyed garden." There are many others who have this feeling, for Poland is a huge Jewish graveyard. This modest volume retrieves the past, and testifies to suffering.

MIRIAM AKAVIA's well-written novel, *My Own Vineyard*, is based on her own and family experiences, and spans a period from before World War I till the Holocaust. Her excellent memory, detailed knowledge and shrewd assessment of contemporary Polish Jewry, allow her to write persuasively and to the point. She records the thoughts and beliefs of a typical Jewish family in Cracow or Galicia at the turn of the century, up to the outbreak of World War II. It is sad to observe with historical insight the shortsightedness and almost total lack of understanding of their shiftless Diaspora lives displayed by most of Akavia's characters.

Her novel strongly reinforces the impression made by the selections from the *Yizkor* books. It immerses the reader in the often bitter quarrels of the characters, for they resemble so closely his own lost, and frequently misguided, relatives.

Several friends who read the novel—both those who knew the Galician background, and first- or second-generation *subras*—enjoyed it a great deal. It gave them the chance to acquire an intimate understanding of the world of their fathers, which had had till then such a vague outline for them.

I understand that an English translation of this fascinating novel is being contemplated. It will be very welcome.



THERE HAS been at least one post-Freudian revolution in psychology, Freud considered the individual as if he were on his own. There was acknowledgment of the existence of the family, of the group, but the complexity of their interaction was neither imagined nor regarded as being of positive significance. That the individual was most himself when with others was a revolutionary concept. S.H. Foulkes, the pioneer of group analytic psychotherapy, believed that working with the natural group, the family, was vital; failing that, a therapeutic group could be convened.

As group psychotherapy evolved and was developed by various workers, it settled into a pattern of small groups, with eight as the magic number. Larger groups were held to be unmanageable, unknowable, unusable in therapy. The recognition of the larger group as an object of study and a locus of therapy is a fairly recent development. There is still a scarcity of literature on the subject. Kreeger's book on the classical symposium on the large group was first published in 1975 by Constable & Co., and has been out of print for some time. It has now reappeared in paperback.

WILLIE THE index divides papers into those on "theory" and "applications," one might note that there are contributions by sociologists and anthropologists as well as group psychotherapists. For example, Myles Hopper gives a fascinating account of research into using large group discussion in various communities in New Zealand. The opening and closing chapters are by group analysts who did not specialize in large groups, the former by Foulkes himself, the latter by Mervin Pines, present chairman of the Group Analytic Society in London.

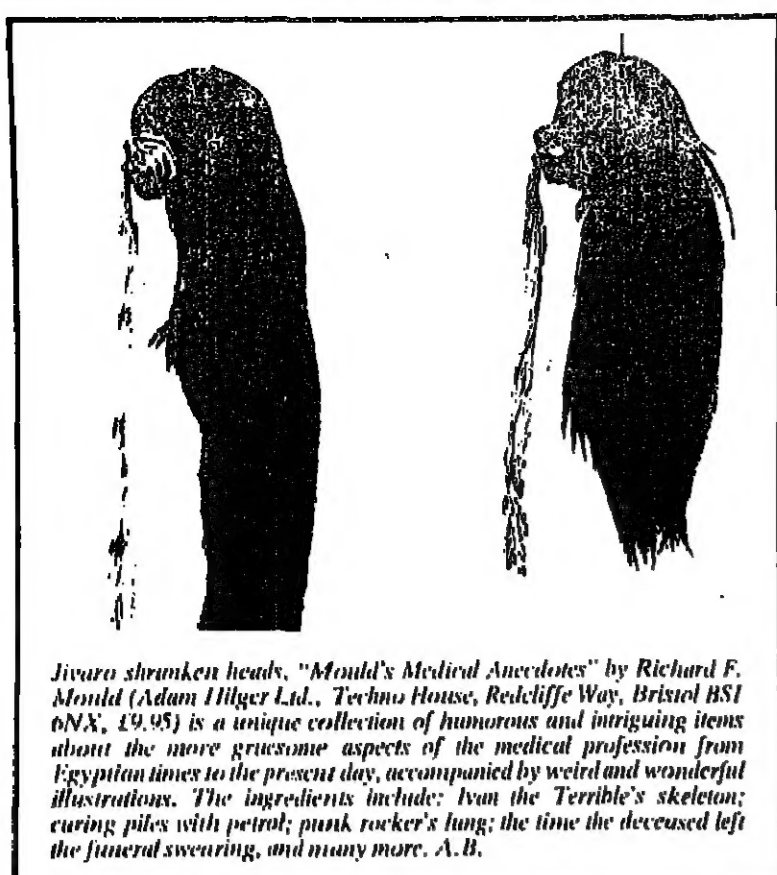
Kreeger writes a perceptive introduction, which conveys his familiarity with large groups and their problems. He mentions recurrent themes which arise - rejection, violence, sexuality, dependence/independence, stiff division, relations with outside bodies.

Pierre Turquet traces the "threats to identity in the large group" in his substantial paper. The drama evolves from the dilemma of how to become involved in the group and yet retain one's individuality. The member enters as a "singleton" and strives to become an "individual member," while the group tries to make him into a "member individual." The struggle is for boundaries around the self, the outer of which he calls "skin-of-my-neighbour." Turquet's linguistic inventiveness admirably serves his purpose.

ALTHOUGH Polish Jewry hardly exists any more, Polish anti-Semitism is still going strong, both in its traditional forms and in the guise of anti-Zionist and anti-Israel sentiment. Jewish - or, rather, anti-Jewish - topics claim wide public attention; the few Jews who take part in the political life of the country are known and usually condemned for being Jewish, even though there is nothing specifically Jewish in their activities.

All this may seem amazing to an outside observer, but it doesn't surprise Prof. Marian Muszkat, who has investigated the phenomenon of Polish anti-Semitism in depth. For Muszkat, a political scientist at Tel Aviv University, enmity towards Jews in today's Poland "should not be regarded as very strange...rather, this is normal."

Muszkat tries to pinpoint the reasons for the "normalcy" of anti-Semitism in a country with almost no



*Jivaro shrunken heads, "Mould's Medical Anecdotes" by Richard F. Mould (Adam Hilger Ltd., Techno House, Redcliffe Way, Bristol BS1 6NX, £9.95) is a unique collection of humorous and intriguing items about the more gruesome aspects of the medical profession from Egyptian times to the present day, accompanied by weird and wonderful illustrations. The ingredients include: Ivan the Terrible's skeleton; curing piles with petrol; punk rocker's lung; the time the deceased left the funeral swearing, and many more. A.B.*

## Self and others

**THE LARGE GROUP: Dynamics and Therapy**, edited by Lionel Kreeger, London, H. Karnac, Maresfield Reprints, 333 pp. £6.50.

Rachael Chazan

Tom Milne's paper may be regarded as complementary to Turquet's. Defences against perceived dangers are described in detail. Members resort to generalizations which arise - rejection, violence, sexuality, dependence/independence, stiff division, relations with outside bodies.

PATRICK DE MARÉ writes of "The Politics of the Large Group," while an Israeli contributor, Rafael Springman, describes "Psychotherapy in the Large Group." At first glance the reader might be misled into thinking that de Maré does not

engage in psychotherapy in large groups; he could not be wrong. De Maré has developed a form of larger group, run on rigorously group analytic principles, which is effectively therapeutic. When this book first appeared, the group was in its infancy. It used to be known as "The Large Group," but has been renamed "The Median Group," as it is limited to the number of members who can be seated in a single circle, which is about 20. He and his co-therapist Robin Piper have recently completed a book on the subject ("The Median Group," not yet published).

As de Maré emphasizes, the median group does not resemble the family, but is analogous to larger social groups. It teaches "outsight" rather than "insight," insight being knowledge of how one relates to other people. He tends to be too modest in his claims: The inner world also came into its own while I was a member; free associations would occur between members, dreams and fantasies were shared.

As Foulkes writes, there is a danger that the standard (small) group-analytic group of eight people "favours too much emphasis on the individual analytic approach." In the

larger group, de Maré allows group relationships to come into their own. Moreover, the group is somehow enabled to do much of the work of analyzing and interpreting, just as Foulkes said it can and should.

In the chapter de Maré contributes here, he confirms that "the small group by its very nature displays only the most fragmentary evidence of social dynamics." He uses the metaphor of treble and bass clefs: It is easy to hear the treble melody, the individual, but the harmonic structure, once perceived, is as fascinating as it is important in its own right.

The large group can stir up powerful emotions, which is why it is so useful in treating problems the individual has with the many, such as phobias. Thinking in large groups has to be learnt. "There seem, then, to be three ways of thinking. First there is a process of finding out what the general opinion appears to be and 'thinking it,' a form of posturing; secondly, experiencing one's own warm impressions exclusively as half-formulated thoughts, which leads to idiosyncrasies and insularity; thirdly, expressing these and testing them out against what other people are thinking through mutual exchange, and constituting an extension of consciousness."

Unfortunately, many individuals leave rather than work through their early difficulties with the large group.

De Maré points out that the large group, unlike the small group, can open its doors to outsiders. This is an advantage, but also makes the large group vulnerable, because of its impact on the environment - "witness the precarious careers of certain therapeutic communities."

RAFAEL SPRINGMAN describes psychotherapy occurring in community meetings in the psychiatric department of Tel Hashomer. In the presence of numerous staff, visitors and students. His paper, dating from 1970, is the only one from outside Britain to be included. In this large gathering, many an individual was moved to make a very personal confession, perhaps because of its very anonymity, when a more intimate setting might have frightened him. This could be worked through with powerful effects. The disadvantage of these settings is lack of continuity; also, a section of the group always remained silent and anonymous. Dr. Springman confesses to feeling exhausted after such meetings; one wonders whether this might have been due to the tensions between staff, not always in harmony with the direction he was taking.

J. Stuart Whitely, the medical

director of Henderson Hospital, writes of sociocotherapy in the large group. This derives from the work of Maxwell Jones with the therapeutic community. By democratization, the playing down of staff authority, the group member finds himself learning to take the responsibility which is not assumed from above. This makes it very suitable for people with personality disorders, who do not appear to have developed what Freud called the superego, and what most of us call the conscience. As one Henderson resident put it recently, "most of us here have had problems with authority."

Whitely discusses the possible conflict between sociocotherapy and psychotherapy. In the community meeting there is a tradition of feedback; behaviour and interactions in the unit thus come under scrutiny. To draw attention to the problems of an individual may in some circumstances be an escape, but on the whole there is a successful blend of both modalities of therapy.

A.C. Robin Skynner deals with "The Large Group in Training." The Group Analytic Society has for some time included a large-group experience throughout the last term of the first year of training, a learning experience for the leaders no less than the trainees. Skynner is impressed by the power of large groups, "for good or for ill," usable for "constructive or destructive purposes." In the latter case, primitive interaction leads to "scapegoating and exclusion of parts," or "the creation of an external enemy" in order to maintain unity within.

THIS IS analogous to Melanie Klein's "schizoid position," whereas a depressive position of tolerating the ambivalence of relationships, the conflicts of separateness and sharing, is the constructive one and can lead to remarkable creativity.

An interesting finding is that the open expression of disagreement between the leaders is not the harmful phenomenon it was once believed to be, but provides the stimulus towards growth and individuation of participants.

Apart from the defence of primitive splitting and scapegoating described by Skynner, another favoured one is over-structuring and hierarchization of the large group. This certainly controls the group, but also stifles its growth and the individuation of members.

We have all observed these phenomena in natural settings, for large groups are always with us - whether or not we acknowledge their power. Which is one reason for studying their workings. And one could do worse than begin with this book.

KENNETH PASSINGHAM's biography of Sean Connery reveals that the man whose face shall be forevermore connected with James Bond, an Englishman, is in fact an Edinburgh-born Scot who was christened Thomas Connery 54 years ago. Connery was raised in extreme poverty (10 flats with one toilet), served in the Royal Navy, then escaped the Edinburgh slums for good with the aid of a handsome face and a rugged physique.

He was relatively unknown when the producers Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli chose him to star in the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No* (1962), which became an immediate hit in Great Britain. The second Bond film, *From Russia With Love* (1963), scored big in the United States as well, and, with the release of the third Bond epic *Goldfinger* (1964), Sean Connery's fame and fortune seemed assured for a lifetime.

In 1968 (after *Thunderball* and *You Only Live Twice*), Connery walked away from millions of dollars by refusing further participation in the James Bond film cycle. He tried to escape the inevitability of typecasting. His acting was praised sporadically (*The Hill* and *The Man Who Would Be King*), but his presence outside the Bond persona left little impact, and the public rejected almost every film he starred in.

Sean Connery has twice returned - in *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971), and *Never Say Never Again* (1983) - in the never-ending saga of 007, in order to shore up his bank account and a sagging career. Judging from the huge success of his latest effort, the next man who utters the immortal words, "My name is James Bond," will not be that impostor, Roger Moore, but the real article.

You may be president of the local chapter of The Sean Connery Fan Club but his biography will be unlikely to please you. Kenneth Passingham writes with the fluidity and grace of chalk screeching across a blackboard. Better to see Sean Connery on the big screen than to read a bad book written on what was once part of a perfectly healthy tree.

GARSON KANIN can write. Author of the hit play, *Born Yesterday*, and co-author (with his wife, Ruth Gordon) of three Tracy and Hepburn vehicles (*Woman of the Year*, *Adam's Rib*, *Pat & Mike*), Kanin has assembled a richly flavoured collection of vignettes about his time as an apprentice producer (under Samuel Goldwyn) and a full-fledged director/writer in Hollywood.

His book now reissued in paperback is an amusing and thoughtful tour through the back lots and boardrooms of several major film studios from the 1930s up to the late 1960s. Kanin focuses the bulk of his attention on his former boss-nemeses-father-figure, Samuel Goldwyn, a studio president renowned for his tasteless pictures (*Dodsworth*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Best Years Of Our Lives*), and arcane use of the English language. Goldwynisms (malapropisms) were endemic to the great producer's mode of self-expression.

"One evening, after dinner at Goldwyn's house, I admired a new painting on his wall.

"Where did you get this beautiful new Picasso?" I asked.

Goldwyn peered at it and said, 'I don't remember. In Paris. Somewhere over there on the Left Wing.'"

Garson Kanin also scrutinizes such other Hollywood luminaries as Carole Lombard (with whom every-



"The unique thing about Margaret Rutherford is that she can act with her chin alone," wrote Kenneth Tynan. Among its many moods I especially cherish the chin commanding for her roles in 'Blithe Spirit.' "The Importance of Being Earnest" and the series of Agatha Christie films in which she played Miss Marple. Only Flora Robson 'saw tragedy behind Margaret's brilliant comedy.' In 'Margaret Rutherford: A Blithe Spirit' (Arthur Barker, £8.95), Dawn Langley Simmons reveals that her whole life was shadowed by tragedy. Margaret's schizophrenic father murdered her grandfather and both her mother and her aunt committed suicide. Though undoubtedly eccentric herself (she once had a chimpanzee as a pet) and subject to attacks of melancholia, she managed to inject comedy even into her private life. While filming in Rome, she was asked by a large British lady what she thought of the Colosseum. Harnessing her chin, she fixed the woman with a glare and uttered one word: 'Draughty!' A.B.

## Going Hollywood

SEAN CONNERY by Kenneth Passingham. London, Sidgwick & Jackson, 160 pp. £3.25.

HOLLYWOOD by Garson Kanin. New York, Limelight Editions, 393 pp. \$8.95.

MY HOLLYWOOD by Shellah Graham. London, Michael Joseph, 242 pp. £10.95.

GOING MY OWN WAY by Gary Crosby. New York, Fawcett Crest, 295 pp. \$5.95.

LADIES' MAN by Paul Henreid. New York, St. Martin's Press, 269 pp. \$13.95.

MARLENE DIETRICH, PORTRAITS 1926-1960. Munich, Schirmer/Mosel, 272 pp. No price stated.

Richard Penniman

roe. Kanin writes with intelligence, insight and, at crucial moments, gentlemanly discretion about the private lives of these high-powered individuals. And there are some marvellous anecdotes about Hollywood's most famous whorehouse, Mae's Place, where each prostitute was chosen for her close resemblance to a famous actress.

Kanin was directing Carole Lombard in a film when he went up to Mae's Place, and had a most enjoyable evening with her carbon-copy. On the set the following morning, Kanin sat down with Lombard and related the incident.

"I told of my visit to Mae's, of my encounter with 'Carole,' leaving out nothing."

My account was punctuated by the real Carole screaming with laughter. 'I'll die! I'll die. Wait till I tell Clark (her husband, Clark Gable) Jesus, no, I better not. He'll go there! I'll die! I'll die!'"

Garson Kanin's Hollywood was

you about.

Alright. Once a gossip columnist, always a gossip columnist. Gossip is what Shellah Graham writes because gossip is what her readers have always wanted. It's what she was hired for, but the trouble is that *My Hollywood* is not a couple of raunchy items composed into a newspaper paragraph or two. It is two hundred and forty-two pages long. Enough dirt is dished here to bury every sound stage in L.A. It's a numbing experience. Cocaine, no. Nuvo-caine, yes.

"ALCOHOLICS don't have relationships. They take hostages."

Gary Crosby's autobiography, *Going My Own Way*, is a painful book to get through. His father, Bing Crosby, had a voice like "gold pouring out of a cup." As a crooner, *Der Bingle* had no peer and he had a bank book to prove it. The elder Crosby was perhaps Hollywood's wealthiest resident, with millions of fans throughout the western hemisphere and a public image that personified a big star who was really more like your favourite, next-door neighbour, that's to say, relaxed, good natured, one of the guys. According to son Gary, if ever a man was Janus-faced it was Father Bing.

"I dropped my pants, pulled down my undershorts and bent over. Then he went at it with the belt dotted with metal studs he kept reserved for the occasion. Quite dispassionately, without the least display of emotion or loss of self-control, he whacked away until he drew the first drop of blood, and then stopped. It normally took between twelve and fifteen strokes."

Until the age of eighteen (when Gary told him he would kill him if Bing tried to beat him again), these whippings were a constant feature of Gary Crosby's youth. The Crosby house was run with the rigidity of a military base. There were multiple, complex rulings for every conceivable facet of waking life, and any infringement was dealt with by a whipping, courtesy of Bing's belt or Mrs. Crosby's switch. If Gary, or any of his three younger brothers (Philip, Dennis and Lindsay), used what might be construed as the wrong tone of voice or even so much as looked at either parent "the wrong way," corporal punishment was the answer. To this constant threat, Bing added a steady drone of verbal abuse.

"Can't you do anything the way you're told? You can't get the least thing right. You fuck up everything you touch."

Bing Crosby almost never used his son's given name. Although Gary Crosby was a good athlete he was also (by his father's standard) overweight, so from childhood onwards Bing referred to Gary as either "bucket-butt" or "satchel-ass."

The sarcasm took its toll. Bing told Gary he "wasn't worth shit" so often that he took it to heart, and began drinking to drown his odious self-image at a very early age. Mrs. Crosby (the former actress, Dixie Lee) was an alcoholic who set a subliminal example of exactly how to tune Bing Crosby out. While Gary followed his mother's uneven footsteps into alcoholic rage and oblivion, he never explicitly states that his three brothers also became alcoholics. He implies it enough times, however, to make his testimony complete and damning. That the accused patched up his family act the second time around with a second wife (Kathryn Grant Crosby) and a second set of three children provides little solace for the members of the original quartet.

Sad and brutal. The adjectives apply to the book and to the man

who wrote it. Gary Crosby by is as unsilently ruthless with himself as he is with his famous father. *Going My Own Way* is as depressing a book as you'd never hope to find.

BLESS Paul Henreid, who is not an alcoholic, or suicidal. His arms are free of needle marks and his nasal passages would not recognize the edge of a rolled, one hundred dollar bill. In *Ladies' Man*, Paul Henreid's autobiography, the protagonist is a sane man with good looks, good taste, discernible talent and normal desires.

He was born Paul von Henreid, in Vienna, 76 years ago. "Tall, suave and handsome," Henreid easily found work on the Austrian stage. After five years he was offered a marvellous contract by Ufa, the biggest German film studio. Henreid was delighted at the opportunity to become a film star, and travelled to Berlin, but refused to sign a contract at the last moment when he realized his signature would include fealty to the ruling Nazi Party. Having made himself *persona non grata* in the Third Reich, Henreid understood that Austria, too, was no longer a safe place for him to ply his trade.

He and his wife, Lisl, then left Vienna for London. He acted on the English stage for three years until the war began, when the Henreids were automatically declared enemy aliens. With the possibility of internment hovering over them, they moved to the United States in 1941, and never looked back. Paul Henreid did one play in New York, a Hollywood scout noticed him, and a film career began that was eventually to span over 35 years.

There are now two generations of movie-goers who won't remember Henreid as a box-office draw who received more fan mail at Warner Bros. (during the war years) than either Bogart or Cagney. But what they will recognize is the name, Victor Lazlo, "the fearless leader of the Resistance," who was Ingrid Bergman's husband in *Casablanca*, probably the most popular motion picture ever made.

As a foreign-born U.S. citizen, Henreid tried to keep clear of politics, and yet he (like Fredric March and so many others) felt the scourge of America's post-war, anti-communist hysteria. Henreid was blacklisted for five years, and during that time no major studio dared hire him.

There was nothing outstanding about Paul Henreid's career, which is probably why there is nothing exceptional about his book. He still lives comfortably in Hollywood, and is happily married to the same woman. *Ladies' Man* is pleasant and genuine, like the man it portrays. What a relief.

AND FINALLY a picture book about a motion picture legend. In *Marlene Dietrich, Portraits 1926-1960*, such eminent photographers as Richard Avedon, Cecil Beaton, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Lord Snowdon and Edward Steichen offer Dietrich's forever lithe face and form in impeccably reproduced photographs culled from private collections and studio archives.

Marlene Dietrich spent her entire career doing variations of the sultry, demonic and, above all, mysterious *Blue Angel*. The thematic cohesion of these photographs proves that, in her case, consistency of image was surely the right road to longevity. Dietrich never once looks vulnerable or available. *The Devil Is A Woman* is her most enduring trademark - erotic, dangerous and unknowable. But then cinematic legends are not created to be known; they are made to be worshipped.



## Deep in the heart of taxes



Israelis are setting records all over the world. In the United States, an Israeli-built executive jet plane, the Astra, broke a record flying from Los Angeles to New York in 4 hours, 24 minutes and 48 seconds. And back home in the "Miracle on the Mediterranean", four million Israelis collectively broke a record that should get each of their names into the Guinness Book of World Records: they paid the highest rate of taxation on Earth.

Some Israelis are now paying over the quarter-million shekel mark monthly in income tax alone. A couple of years ago that sum could have purchased a villa, a car and a world cruise, except that inflation reached (groan) world-record proportions. No wonder that Israeli jet flew so fast.

High taxes may not be news to us here in Israel, but to your friends and relatives overseas, keeping up with all the news in Israel — good and bad — is important. Treat them to a gift subscription of **THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION**.

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## Master craftsman

RUN, DO NOT walk, to your nearest bookstore, and order *A Universe of Clowns*. It'll doubtless take an eon to arrive from Australia, but discovering Serge Liberman is worth the wait. Born in Russia in 1942, Liberman came to Australia in 1951, and now edits the *Melbourne Chronicle*. He's also a master craftsman of the short story.

Jewish protagonists predominate in this collection, all of them survivors of the Holocaust, or their progeny. Liberman portrays their early immigrant struggles in Australia, their integration, the inevitable generation gap, their quarrels with God, their material and spiritual successes and downfalls. In the title story, a novella actually that's a little *chef-d'oeuvre*, a 48-year-old widowed doctor, solidly established, renowned reputation and position for a brief quixotic affair with a 25-year-old terminal cancer patient. He, and we — such is Liberman's skill — believe the world well lost for love. I wish the BBC would discover this tale and film it!

"Envy's Fire" pits, with shrivelling intensity, a university graduate and would-be but unsuccessful writer against his father, a poor shoemaker and apparent nonentity who turns out to be the real poet. "The Fortress" details a magnate's obsessive pursuit of immortality through his donation of an auditorium to the university, and then an altruistic gesture that redeems his egoism. We read of an eleven-year-old boy who learns about God from his dying grandmother; of a pregnant actress abandoned by her lover; of a revisited childhood friend who brings disillusionment; of a

**A UNIVERSE OF CLOWNS** by Serge Liberman. Brisbane, Phoenix Publications. 271 pp. \$9.50.

**TIN WIFE** by Joe Flaherty. New York, Simon and Schuster. 336 pp. \$15.95.

Morris Springer

Christmas concert organized by inmates of a geriatric hospital.

Not all sixteen stories are of equal excellence, but all are vividly written and compassionately felt. Here, for example, is the opening of "A Universe of Clowns," a New Year's Eve party where the protagonist's colleagues have already got wind of his affair with his dying patient: "It was madness, he knew, an insane and irrepressible madness transcending the mere want of tact. How mischievously, maliciously, already scheming, Martin and his crew, gorging their mouths with savouries and cream puffs and smiling their knowing satisfied fox-like smiles, had whispered in the corners among themselves."

My only reservation is that Liberman's stories are, almost invariably, sombre of colour and theme. There are two instances of euthanasia, four of mental instability, five of suicide and seven of cancer. This does not necessarily make them depressing; context is everything, and his sufferer often handle their problems courageously. But I did find myself wondering whether Liberman can handle, let us say, light irony or even comedy — as it were, a portion of soufflé along with the *cholent*. But this *cholent* is not to be missed. **THE TWO** major assets of *Tin Wife* are its redolence of Brooklyn's Irish-

American milieu, and a readability that almost, but not quite, manages to disguise corny and contradictory aspects of its plot. Told in flashbacks, it focuses on Sissy Sullivan, the widow of Eddie, a cop who has apparently died in the line of duty. She's in a hired limousine bearing her to a memorial service in his honour. The Sullivans lost a son in Vietnam; Sissy has made a career of battling family and restrictive neighbourhood mores; Eddie, originally an idealist, soon learned to accept payoffs and look the other way at the right times; and it turns out that he died, not on a drug bust, but in the bed of a Puerto Rican cop's widow who runs a gambling den with the connivance of the police.

Sissy realizes that it is less the trauma of their son's meaningless death than her failure to bolster Eddie's ideals that was responsible for their estrangement. Having established this, Flaherty offers a dénouement that doesn't go down easily. To atone for her transgression, Sissy arranges to have Eddie posthumously promoted to lieutenant. (This entitles her, incidentally, to a comfortable pension.) She accomplishes this by resorting to female skulduggery which would have left Eddie agghast and, filmed 40 years ago, would have brought Barbara Stanwyck an Oscar nomination.

Flawed or not, however, *Tin Wife* remains a good, even excellent read, first, for its startling mixture of high-flown and four-letter language; the latter, one feels, is never used merely for effect. Second, one finds here an absolute authenticity of atmosphere; finally, there are half a dozen Irish types brought out in bold and comic relief. A pity Flaherty — he looks about 45 in the dust jacket photo — died just before completing his second novel. I'd say it's a real loss to Irish-American writing. □

## Amateur cracksman

HANDSOME and debonair, with expensive tastes, yet cunning and utterly ruthless when the need arose, Raffles appeared to the world as a gentleman of leisure, playing cricket for England and using his charm to gain entry to the fashionable houses which he later robbed. He has been called "the greatest cracksman in the literature of roguery."

Ellery Queen, the doyen of detective fiction, has described this gentleman-by-day who became a master-burglar by night as the inspiration for the whole school of devil-may-care adventurers on the borderlines of the law, including many fictional characters such as James Bond.

The exploits of Raffles have endured over the years because of their

**THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF RAFFLES, THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN** by E.W. Hornung. With an Introductory Essay by George Orwell. Edited by Peter Haining. London, Souvenir Press. 475 pp. £9.95.

inventiveness and because they present the world with a symbol of respectability turned on its head. The moral standards of this "amateur cracksman" have long proved fascinating, particularly to the British who have a tendency to admire glamorous criminals.

First published at the turn of the century, E.W. Hornung's character has endured and yet never before have the short stories of Raffles been

collected together in one volume.

Despite the fact that this fictional character was created almost one hundred years ago, the name Raffles still conjures up the image of a gentleman cut-burglar, and every few months such a character will reach the headlines in the newspapers.

The similarities between Raffles and his partner in crime, Bunny, and the characters of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are more than accidental. The creators of these fictional characters were good friends and E.W. Hornung married Arthur Conan Doyle's sister, Constance. Hornung took his brother-in-law's detective pair, Holmes and Watson, and reincarnated them on the wrong side of the law as Raffles and Bunny. Hornung's stories have been adapted for the stage, films and television, with Raffles being played by the late David Niven, in one of his best roles. A.B. □

## Hackneyed gimmick

**WILLIAM RUSHTON'S** first novel is "stylish, and often outrageously funny," so it says on the jacket. In fact, it lacks a coherent plot, is peopled with strictly two-dimensional characters, and fails completely to sustain the reader's interest.

This comes as something of a disappointment, particularly when one recalls Rushton's frequent hilarious British television appearances, and his consistently brilliant cartoon work for *Private Eye*. In fact, Rushton's line drawings in this book are

**W.G. GRACE'S LAST CASE** by William Rushton, London, Methuen. 288 pp. £7.95.

its only redeeming feature.

Early on in the text, it becomes clear that his attempts at humour are way off mark, and that the storyline is far too convoluted to compensate.

Rushton has borrowed what is becoming a rather hackneyed gimmick. He inserts a cluster of heterogeneous characters into the book in

the hope of livening it up a little. We are introduced to Dr. Grace himself, Holmes' faithful sidekick Dr. Watson, Buffalo Bill, Dr. Jekyll, Raffles, Henry James and Oscar Wilde, to name but a few.

Unfortunately, the resulting hodge-podge is neither lively nor amusing, and, by the end of the book, far from wondering how the case will end, the reader (or at least this reader) is left wondering what exactly has happened. And why.

Despite all this, it is clear that Rushton's style could lend itself to a novel. But he would need to come up with a far better plot, and considerably more credible characters. □

David Horowitz

WHEN THE six-month ban on certain imports was proclaimed, washing machines were not put on the notorious "list of 50," and for good reason. After a refrigerator, a washing machine is the most important appliance in the average home. Clothes dryers, which are considered a luxury, where on the list.

We make washing machines in Israel, but only two brands — Amcor (through its subsidiary Amnur) and Zohar. These are simple, inexpensive, compact top-loading machines with all the attributes for giving a clean wash automatically. Zohar in particular has a reputation for being a real "work-horse" with an extra-strong body.

However, these local products lack the finesse of most imports. Their biggest drawback is that neither Amcor nor Zohar has shock absorbers, which means they "dance" during the spin cycle. They also lack sophisticated features such as an economy half-load setting, water retention after the final rise to avoid wrinkles, or a trap-door for retrieval of items fallen between drum and tub. Their maximum spin speed falls below the optimal recommended 500-cycles-per-minute.

I did not know such facts off the top of my head. Conveniently, the Histadrut's Consumer Protection Authority has just published a new booklet on top-loading washing machines. So far, this is in Hebrew only, though many of its publications eventually appear in English and/or Arabic.

The survey is solely about compact top-loaders, which are considered preferable to front-loaders from several standpoints. They take up less space. They are stronger because the drum is secured by two axles, not one. A person need not bend over to load or unload the machine, and small children cannot easily reach the opening or the control panel. The machine can be opened in mid-cycle to add or remove something, which cannot be done on a front-loader, because water would pour out.

The Consumer Authority, however, makes one astute observation in favour of front-loading machines: They are more accessible to people in wheelchairs. It is commendable and all-too-rare to find the special needs of the handicapped taken into consideration. We should be leaders in this, but aren't.

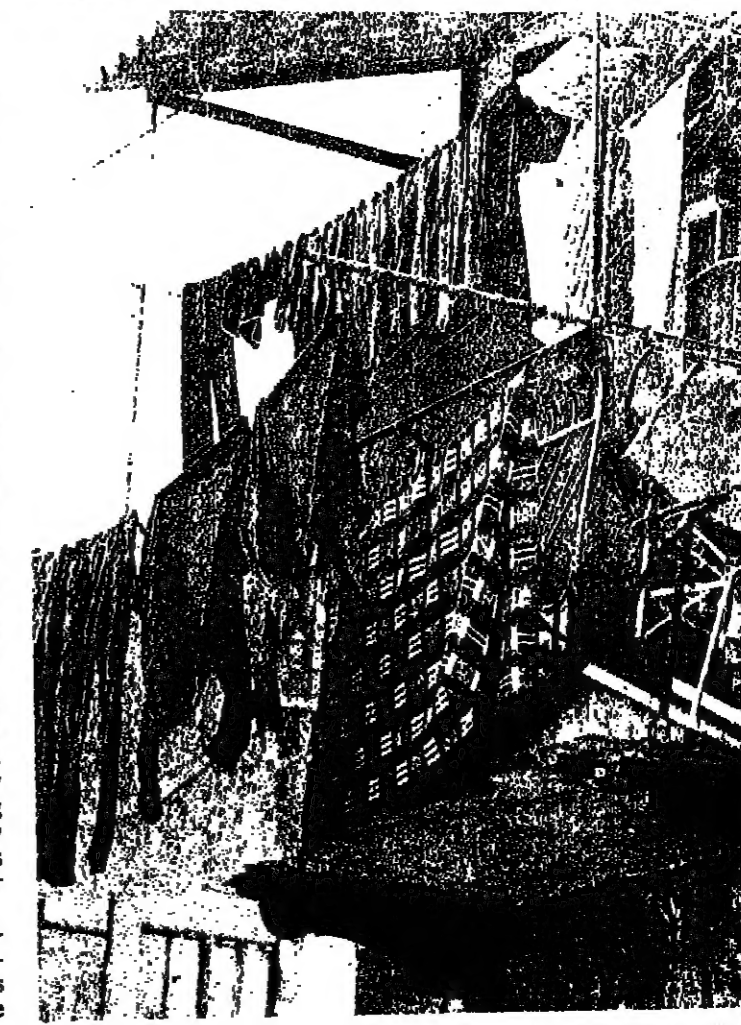
For years, I owned only front-loaders for a totally different reason: it is possible to stack a dryer atop a front-loading washer to save space. Recently, because of a tempting trade-in offer, I switched to a compact top-loader, which can squeeze in alongside my dryer.

IN CHANGING my machine, I insisted on one of the few available which has two water-intake taps. This permits the utilization of existing hot water from a solar heater, in addition to the washing machine's own heating element. I don't know how much energy this saves, but it seems rational, and I marvel that so few washers offer this option. On this point, the Consumer Authority concedes that it knows of no studies as yet on the economy of the two-intake-tap system.

As with past consumer surveys of washing machines, this one totally ignores the large American ones, which operate on an agitator principle instead of a tumbling drum. With the free-trade agreement between Israel and the U.S., this choice may become more relevant before long.

American machines do not heat water at all, as they are designed to rely on the steady supply of very hot water customary in American homes. Most Israelis, conditioned to

## In the wash



### MARKETING WITH MARTHA

the notion that white wash, and especially nappies, must be virtually "boiled," would be sceptical of a machine without any heating element. Many Americans have learned to economize by laundering in cold water with specially-adapted detergents.

For the present, both size and price rule out American machines for most Israeli households. They are large enough to take as much as eight kilos of laundry, rather than our conventional four or five. American machines, such as the famous Maytag, cost in the vicinity of \$1,700 with full taxes. European and Israeli machines average \$600. Only the extra-sturdy German-made Miele approaches the American ones in price here.

Proponents of the expensive American machines and the Miele claim they will last much longer — 20 years or more, compared with a life expectancy of seven to 10 for the standard European and Israeli models. Opponents prefer to spend less and change machines more frequently.

IF YOU ARE interested in the popular compact top-loaders and can manage basic Hebrew, it is worthwhile sending away for the free booklet from the Histadrut Consumer Authority at 5 Ben Shaprat, Tel Aviv, 62 968. It includes a chart of the features on 19 models, including Amcor and Zohar, and the European-made Candy, Electra, Contessa, Phillips, Juno, Crystal, A.E.G. Zanussi, Constructa, Siemens and Bosch. There is an explanation of each feature. No prices are given.

For those who cannot cope with Hebrew, I shall pick out some of the more important factors dealt with in the booklet.

Exterior walls with an enamel

coating are rated as the best protection against corrosion — and interestingly, the Israeli-made Zohar is the sole machine listed with an enamel exterior. Next best is galvanized metal or a metal which has undergone electrophoresis. Least desirable is simple painted metal.

The tub in which the drums spins can be of stainless steel or enamel; the latter is said maintain the heat better.

For performance in getting wash clean, there is considerable significance to the ratio between the tub size in litres and the maximum permitted load in kilos (as stated by the manufacturer). This ratio is found by dividing the number of litres by the permitted kilo weight of a load. A figure of nine or more is excellent; 8.5 to nine is satisfactory; and below 8.5 may produce unsatisfactory washing results. Both Israeli-made machines rate "excellent" in this respect.

One should pay attention to the way the door of the drum opens to admit laundry; it should be constructed so that the drum holds steady and does not revolve during loading or unloading. A convenient trap-door to retrieve items which may accidentally fall between drum and tub is also useful.

Shock-absorbers — absent from the Israeli models — prevent the unpleasantness of a machine "dancing" during its final spin and may help prolong its life. The experts say that optimal top spinning speed for strong fabrics is 500 revolutions per minute. Fewer will result in a wetter wash to hang; but much more may damage fabrics. In most sophisticated machines, the delicate fabrics revolve at a slower speed for their entire cycle, not just in the final spin. Amcor has this feature, but not Zohar.

The best location for the control

panel is toward the back of the machine's cover. There, it is least apt to come in contact with water, detergent — and the hands of children. The more separate openings in which to put detergent, softener and bleach, the higher the rating. Some machines offer four such compartments.

The rating for "finish" — graded A, B and C — is not simply a matter of aesthetics. It refers to ease of cleaning, sharpness of corners and edges, insulation of various parts and stability, as well as overall appearance. Both Israeli-made washers rate only "C" on finish.

Virtually all of today's machines offer fully-automatic operation from the pre-wash cycle straight through the main-wash cycle for heavy-duty fabrics. Not all machines have full automation from pre-wash through main-wash for coloured and delicate fabrics. Zohar lacks it for delicate fabrics.

ONE OF MY delights with my new machine is its half-load "economy" setting. Experts estimate that the saving in water and electricity is only 25 per cent, not half. But even this is a consolation when one is forced to do a small load because something is needed quickly, or because of colour or fabric incompatibility.

The Consumer Authority checked the amounts of electricity and water consumed by the various machines during their longest, hottest cycle. There was greater variation from brand to brand in water consumption than in electricity. All this appears on the booklet chart.

The guide cautions against trying to save electricity by connecting a one-hose machine to the hot tap only. This will throw off the thermostat control and may damage fabrics. Furthermore, it is desirable to rinse in cold water, not hot. Washing machines should always be attached to the cold tap only, unless they are specifically built for hot and cold intake through separate hoses.

Another useful feature on sophisticated machines is the option of having the water retained after the final-rinse cycle. This prevents the wrinkling of wash-and-wear fabrics, if you happen to be away from the machine when the cycle finishes. When you return, you push a button to drain the water.

Filters need to be cleaned, some types more often than others. The most convenient location for a filter is in the front, and it is desirable to have one with a valve to prevent a small amount of water escaping onto the floor when you open it.

For mobility of the machine, it is best to have built-in wheels, but with a brake to ensure stability during the spin cycle. Some machines offer optional wheels on a frame.

**THE HISTADRUT** booklet wisely refuses to commit itself on prices. It notes that importers' recommended retail prices are under the supervision of the Finance Ministry and are allowed one rise per month, though not on a uniform date. Relative prices are hence in continual flux. Also, actual selling prices vary from shop to shop.

Generally, washers are supplied quickly. If supply is not immediate, pin down the supply date in writing. If you must pay by cheque before the product is delivered, be sure to write "non-negotiable" (*lo sheher*) across the upper front of the cheque. This prevents the seller from passing on your cheque yet failing to supply the goods.

By regulation of the Ministry of Industry and Trade, washing machines carry a one-year warranty, and offer a paid annual service policy for an additional six years. Spare

parts must be available for seven years. The ministry controls prices of these service policies, which are, however, allowed to differ from firm to firm, and also to increase with the age of the machine.

I was surprised to see that the Histadrut Consumer Protection Authority seems to advise against the annual service policy. It regards an insurance policy for a washing machine as "a very expensive way to acquire peace of mind." It says that most problems arise after five to seven years, when the policies are no longer available, or are very expensive. Some firms, by the way, pride themselves on offering policies for much longer periods, a seeming indication of their faith in their own machines.

I am not fully in agreement with the Histadrut advisers on this point. So many things can go wrong with washing machines, even in the early years. The economic experts in the consumer field claim that there is only a small chance, statistically, that individual repair bills over the years will add up to more than the yearly pre-paid policies — but they admit that a small risk does exist. The frequency with which your machine is used is a factor, and so is the quality of the machine itself.

Personally, I have always carried service policies on my washers — and never regretted it. A leading consumer authority here, however, says she prefers to put a sum aside each month in her own "emergency repair fund" rather than insuring any appliance — and says she always comes out ahead at year's end.

If you do insure, remember that the conditions of the annual policy are uniform and government-approved. For instance, they include free transport of the washing machine to and from the workshop if necessary. In case of disputes with a company, contact Ovadia Shragai, in charge of consumer protection at the Ministry of Industry and Trade, Jerusalem (tel. 02-210339).

**TO GET AN IDEA** of current prices of washing machines, I referred to a useful monthly publication (Hebrew only) called "Market Prices of New Household Appliances", by assessor Levy Yitzhak of Tel Aviv. The October 15 issue should be appearing on the newsstands soon. I had only the mid-September issue at the time of this writing. Most of the washing machines were in the \$194,000-\$250,000 range, which meant \$550-\$700. The Israeli-made washers were toward the lower end of this scale. Cheapest of all was the Electra Gold at \$485, while the most expensive of those included in the Histadrut consumer survey was the A.E.G. at \$805.

In general, the German-made machines were the most expensive, French and some Italians in the middle range, and other Italian, Spanish and Israeli machines in the economy range.

I was surprised to find an increase in dollar terms of 5 to 10 per cent for most machines in September as compared with the August figures from the same assessor. This is surprising, because the dollar has been gaining strength in relation to European currencies, and hence a drop in dollar prices should have occurred. The single exception to the pattern was the German-made Siemens, imported by Tadiran, which dropped 10 per cent in dollar terms between mid-August and mid-September. As for the others, it makes one wonder about the efficacy of government price controls, which supposedly apply to all imported washing machines.

Martha Meisels